Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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An Unconstitutional President?

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Why the result of the coming election, if close, may be thrown into the courts, leaving the nation beset with a greater crisis than any in the history of the Presidency

THE story is told that Grover Cleveland, when Governor of New York, was discussing a proposed legislative act with a Tammany politician who, as might have been expected, was conspicuous for political chicanery. The Governor objected to the legislation as unconstitutional. "But, Governor," said the Tammany man, "what is a Constitution between friends?" In other words, how far should a Constitution go in restraining one who is politically selfish?

One thing resented by members of the United States Congress today is the opposition and low degree of respect shown that body in current public opinion. It is human for them to resent it, but have they not themselves given cause for much of this popular opposition, at times even rising to actual contempt? Of course political partisanship, disappointed office-seeking, unsuccessful lobbying and other such activities of the "interested public" may explain much of this opposition, but do not the causes run far deeper? Have not many Senators and Representatives shown a disregard for the Constitution and for their oaths to support and maintain it, which may amount almost to official perjury, if taken in a literal, yet logical sense? There is no better illustration of this reckless disregard of plighted word than the actions, or neglect of them, on the part of recent Congresses concerning the reapportionment of Representatives to the various States that immediately should have followed the taking of the last census in 1920.

The Constitution of the United States, in Art. I, Sec. 3, says:— "Representatives . . . shall be ap-

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portioned among the several States . . . according to their respective numbers . . . The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress . . . and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct." According to this provision, apportionment was made after the census of 1790 in the year 1792, and following each decennial census from that time up to and including the law of 1911. But this last apportionment still stands according to the statute book, due to the fact that following the census of 1920 Congress neglected or refused to provide for the required reapportionment, and other Congresses since that time also have steadily declined to do their constitutional duty.

IT IS notorious that the shifting character of our population has caused an immense growth of our urban area at the proportional expense of the more rural districts. Thus many of our Northern and Eastern States have grown enormously, while many of the Southern and Western States have failed to keep pace. Had reapportionment been made at any time since 1920, these changing conditions would have resulted in a proportionate increase in representation for the North and East in the House of Representatives at the expense of other sections of the country. It has been stated that an additional result would have been a decided weakening in the Radical and Agricultural strength in Congress during the last five years, with the possibility that not enough votes could have been mustered to pass that economic atrocity, the McNary-Haugen Bill, and thus President Coolidge would have been relieved from the necessity of his two vetoes.

WHETHER or not this statement is true, there is no doubt of a further and more serious result from this Congressional neglect, due to Art. II, Sec. 1 of the Constitution, which provides: "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of Electors equal to the whole number of Senators *and Representatives* to which the State may be entitled in the Congress . . .". In other words, the failure of the successive Congresses since 1920 to reapportion the membership of the House of Representatives will vitally increase or decrease the legitimate power and influence of many of our States in the election of next November. Of course this was the case in 1924, but the overwhelming character of Mr. Coolidge's triumph made the matter of reapportionment and Electoral College strength to be of little more than academic interest.

If, however, there should be any close political contest this autumn, the resultant possibilities might be serious enough to cause a crisis of utmost gravity. The simple truth is that one of the candidates may be officially chosen President whereas, were all the states represented in the Electoral College according to the plan dictated by the Constitution, the other candidate might be rightfully entitled to the office. The issues in the 1928 campaign strike so deeply into the consciences and prejudices of the American people that under these circumstances they easily might lose their wonted balance and common sense and fall into an excess of excitement that could

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have disastrous results for years to come. A brief consideration of our present situation with regard to the Electoral College and its relation to the present campaign is thus decidedly in order.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the present House of Representatives is not constitutionally formed, so far as the number and apportionment of its members is concerned. This fact far outdistances any moral question before the Senate, which also is equally responsible for the present conditions, and even any question with regard to the seating of Messrs. Smith of Illinois and Vare of Pennsylvania. In fact, an odor of hypocrisy attaches to the assumptions of the leaders of the Senate that they are standing for political purity and righteousness. It also may be stated with truth, that the Electoral College to be chosen next November, based upon the present number of Representatives, will be unconstitutionally composed, for many States have not the number of Representatives, and will not have the number of Presidential Electors, to which they are entitled.

MANY attempts have been made by the more conscientious Members of Congress, whose political principles are based upon integrity rather than selfishness, to pass needed reapportionment legislation. At once they have been met by a choice of evils. Either they must so increase the size of the House that no State may lose a Member, or else they must reapportion on the basis of the present number, and this would result in a reduction in the number of Members from certain States whose present Members would proportionately be in danger of "losing their jobs". It is true that the number of Members was steadily increased following each census but that of 1840, where there was a reduction from 242 to 232, and that in spite of an increase of population from 12,866,020 in 1830 to 17,069,453 in 1840. This was accomplished by increasing the ratio of apportionment from one member for every 47,700 of population by the law of 1832 to one for every 70,680 according to a law passed in 1842. At the present time the ratio is one for each 211,877 of the population according to the census of 1910, and the total membership of the House of Representatives is 435.

IF APPORTIONMENT should be arranged so that no State might lose a Representative, it would be necessary to increase the ratio to only 218,986 according to the census of 1920, but the total membership to 483. Many people advocate this as the solution of the problem, and point for justification to the much larger size of the British House of Commons, the French Chamber of Deputies, and other parliamentary bodies in the foremost democratic countries; but there is one grave objection that far outbalances the usual arguments of increased cost, space and cumbrous machinery. This is the fact that the larger the membership of a legislative body, the greater is the difficulty in transacting business and debating, and the more dictatorial and less representative is the administrative control. Is it not possible that the present state of decline in parliamentary and other legislative bodies throughout the world, which is a phenomenon of contemporary government and the

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despair of many pessimistic though democratic souls, is to be attributed not to the failure of representative government as an institution, but to the inordinate size of contemporary legislative bodies?

EARLY in the month of March last (1928) the Census Committee of the House of Representatives, by a vote of 10 to 8, broke a six-years deadlock and reported a sound and well conceived bill to reapportion the membership on the basis of its present number, 435. This action was despite the reported boast, openly made by Radical and Agricultural Members of the South and West that they were going to prevent any change ever being made, in order to "protect their people from the capitalistic East", with other such nonsensical results of twisted thinking. Of course this law was not acted upon when Congress adjourned just before the meeting of the National Conventions, wherefore we must conduct the November election on the present apportionment, with all the unconstitutional features involved. But it is very interesting as well as instructive to use the proposed bill as a basis for estimating what might happen in case of the before-mentioned possibility of a close election. It should be added that no matter which plan of reapportionment eventually might be used, either that of an increase in membership or a lessening in the representation of certain States, their *relative* importance would remain, and *should* remain, the same, and the latter method is used since most students of politics are convinced of the need for restricting somewhat the number of members in legislative bodies, if the fundamental principle of representative government is to be maintained.

If the proposed Census Committee plan were adopted, the following States would be entitled to additional Representatives, according to unofficial calculations: California, 3; Connecticut, 1; Michigan, 2; New Jersey, 1; North Carolina, 1; Ohio, 2; Texas, 1; Washington, 1. These States would lose Representatives: Indiana, 1; Iowa, 1; Kansas, 1; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 1; Maine, 1; Mississippi, 1; Missouri, 2; Nebraska, 1; Rhode Island, 1; Vermont, 1. It is interesting to make a practical application of these figures, according to various election forecasts made recently by certain of the best political observers.

IT IS generally agreed that in order to win the coming election, Governor Smith must carry the following Southern and Border States:

Alabama	12
Arkansas	9
Florida	6
Georgia	14
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	10
Missouri	18
Mississippi	10
North Carolina	12
South Carolina	9
Oklahoma	10
Tennessee	12
Texas	20
Virginia	12
Total	167

Electoral votes

If the new apportionment had been passed by Congress, then of the above States, Kentucky, Louisiana and Mississippi each would have lost one electoral vote, and Missouri, 2, while North Carolina and Texas each would

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have gained 1. This would have made a net loss of 3 electoral votes for Smith. But to these States must be added, say —

New York	45
Massachusetts	18
New Hampshire	4
Rhode Island	5
Connecticut	7
New Jersey	14
Nebraska	8
Total	101

Electoral votes

IF THESE 101 Electoral votes are added to the 167 from the Southern and Border States, the total would be 268, or two more than the 266 necessary to give Governor Smith a majority of the Electoral College, whose vote totals 531. But of the last-named States, Connecticut and New Jersey each should gain 1 under the new apportionment, and Rhode Island and Nebraska each lose 1. This would be an exact stand-off, still leaving the net loss of 3 votes which should be constitutionally taken from the total of the votes of the Southern and Border States. *Subtract these three votes from Smith's assumed total of 268, and it would leave him 265, or one less than the number necessary to elect.* In other words, if the new apportionment were in force, Mr. Hoover would be elected; but for lack of proper reapportionment his opponent would go to the White House. Of course other combinations of States or other changes in the apportionment might upset the result more on one side than the other, but there is no doubt that the constitutionality of the result in a close election would be seriously challenged by the losing side.

As a result of this dilemma in the coming election, we can see the possibilities of court, Congressional, political, or even revolutionary action, and hardly any one familiar with our political history would care to incur the danger of another contested election such as the Hayes-Tilden controversy of 1876. That struggle was settled by the turn of just one Electoral vote.

IT MAY be argued that the above mathematical result is not likely to happen. Also that in most Presidential elections of the past the result has been of a "ground swell" type, with a heavy swing to one side or the other. Yet the closeness of the vote in such years as 1880, 1884 and 1888 should furnish sinister warning. And the average man cannot help asking himself a few questions. Have our Members of Congress, or at least a majority of them, broken their oaths of office by failing to pass the reapportionment act as required by the Constitution? If so, how long will our people continue to tolerate utter recklessness in the evasion of constitutional and legal responsibility on the part of those who are supposed to be of the calibre and character required for lawmakers of a nation containing one hundred and twenty millions of people? Furthermore, are the Congressional candidates in the coming election of the same personnel and character as the present members, or may we look for an improvement in political morals and integrity?

Unfortunately, we still seem to be acting under the delusion that it is possible for a man in public office to have two consciences—one for private use, and the other for official and political adaptation.

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The High Cost of Doctoring

By T. Swann Harding

The author is one of the few lay contributors to leading orthodox medical journals. His subject has lately been described by a committee of experts as "the one outstanding problem" confronting the American people

About a year ago I was requested by a young woman to find a competent oculist for her and, later, to accompany her to his office to have her eyes examined. After some difficulty an oculist who seemed competent was discovered and the actual examination began. Following a few preliminary questions, the answers to which he entered on a card, the specialist suddenly, and I thought rather truculently, remarked: "My fee is fifteen dollars. I suppose you have that with you?"

The young lady blushed in some confusion and in an embarrassed tone confessed that she did not have that sum with her. "You will have it then, surely, tomorrow when you come for the final tests?" At this point I obliterated the tension by flourishing a checkbook in a tasteful manner, the incident closed and the oculist proceeded thereafter in a most friendly manner.

Subsequently I had to have dealings with one of the best ear specialists in this same city of half a million. One day I mentioned the oculist by name to him and he became very confidential, swore me to secrecy, explained how awful it was for him to divulge the information — medical ethics being what they were — and informed me that the man was little better than a quack and should be avoided. But eventually the ministrations of the ear specialist himself seemed to injure rather than to help my ear and I tried the other most highly recommended otologist in the city. He had me come twice weekly, citing grave danger as certain to occur if ever I failed him. Then he went on a month's vacation, telling me that my ear could do very well until his return! At this point I lost patience and went to Johns Hopkins. Here I learned that whoever or whatever the other ear specialists were they were simply injuring the ear more than helping it, and that I should under no circumstances undergo further treatments. This information I believed to be correct, like most information I have so far managed to get from specialists at Johns Hopkins or their closely associated assistants.

The incompetent ear specialists (I shall call them that momentarily) had

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cost me over one hundred and fifty dollars. The charge at Johns Hopkins was ten dollars.

These rather personal incidents at once introduce us to the whole picture of medical treatment — its cost and the quality of product purchased. The oculist mentioned above had been selected with extreme care. The young woman had initially gone to a palpable quack who had hanging in his office an impressive diploma from a medical college which never existed and who posed as a graduate physician. In my effort to separate her from his charlatanry I telephoned the local eye, ear and throat hospital and reasoned with the head of the eye department. This gentleman hemmed and hawed, fearing that it might be against medical ethics (a very formidable obstacle to adequate medical service on many occasions) for him to recommend any specific oculist, then compromised by giving me a dozen names — "all good men" — from which, by a curiously devious and time-consuming process of elimination, we eventually decided upon the individual to whom I went.

But in spite of all, the oculist selected proved to be almost avaricious, like too many physicians, nor was he competent. At that time I had tradesmen of five different types working at remodeling my home and every single group of them took payment on terms I had to make, with politeness and good will. Not one asked in a surly manner for his money. Yet the oculist did demand his fee and was, I am convinced by investigation, notoriously incapable. I did not get my money's worth. The young woman had to go to Johns Hopkins, where for $10 her eyes were properly examined.

Such incidents have in the past moved me to write the American Medical Association in Chicago and ask how an ordinary layman could possibly, under present conditions, select a competent general practitioner or a thoroughly trained specialist. I even had the discourtesy to suggest that the Association satisfy itself of the competence of practitioners, vouch for those who were reliable, and give them a reference number which they could insert in the press in an advertising card.

But medical "ethics" forbid advertising, and that seems more important by far than an attempt to give the people adequate medical attention. Besides, the reply to my letter emphasized the point that the economic factor rapidly put all incompetent doctors out of business, because no one would consult them! Moreover, any Fellow of the American Medical Association, and any specialist who bore a star in their lists, was *per se* competent and trustworthy. The immediate answer to this is that both of the ear specialists and also the oculist mentioned above were Fellows of the American Medical Association and were starred as authentic specialists.

At least one of the ear specialists was undeniably a good man. He knew ears. But both of them were deliberately working for my fee, even to the detriment of my ear. I believe this to be a justifiable deduction in view of the fact that they kept the patient returning for treatments he did not need.

A scientist friend of mine had an

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experience exactly similar. He went to a good specialist after a common cold, to have his rhinitis cleared up. The doctor kept having him come twice a week, kept collecting five dollars a treatment, and kept saying: "You'd better be sure before you stop coming that all the infection is cleared up." It finally dawned upon my friend that he was foolish, that he could use argyrol and a proper nasal douche himself, and that the specialist, while probably competent, was almost undeniably avaricious.

LET us now consider medical incompetence momentarily, and then consider what we pay for medical treatment, whether good, bad or indifferent.

The most comprehensive study of medical competence ever made is that reported in *The Bulletin of the Medical Research Council* for February, 1921, Volume 1, Part 8, which is entitled "The Intellectual and Educational Status of the Medical Profession as Represented in the United States Army". This study summarized the intelligence tests made on 43,000 Army officers. Of all the officers 44 per cent. tested as Class A; 66 per cent. of the engineers, however, were Class A men; yet only 27 per cent. of the physicians were in that class. Thirty-three per cent. of all the officers were in Class B; here we find 33 per cent. of the physicians and only 29 per cent. of the engineers. Twenty-four per cent. of all officers were in Class C; here we find only five per cent. of the engineers but forty per cent. of the physicians. These marked differences mean something.

Instantly several howls will be raised to high heaven. The medical corps was not representative of the profession! Intelligence tests are no good anyway! I take up the objections in order. The average medical man examined was aged thirty-seven, a practitioner in a town of some twelve thousand, of grade B intelligence (an alpha score of 129), who had had high school education and five years of medical training superimposed, whose earnings were about $4,300 annually, and who belonged to two or three medical societies including the American Medical Association. He entered the Army as an officer on a basis of his previous experience and a certification from the American Medical Association.

THE character of the tests was such that innate intelligence was assayed successfully. Writing on "Physicians and Intelligence Tests" in *The Medical Journal and Record* for December 7, 1927, Dr. Ira S. Wile says that the tests universally fulfilled expectations in enabling commanding officers to select men adapted to various functions in the Army. Like all biological tests, it is well known that these tests are statistically rather than mathematically exact and that in a certain percentage of cases they fall down utterly. But they are well over ninety per cent. accurate, which is sufficient. The same accuracy in the response of rats to vitamins or a lack thereof is the basis of all our knowledge of these accessory food factors. For just as some rats refuse to become rachitic on a faulty diet, others refuse to get well on an adequate ration.

As Dr. Wile says, the physicians were skeptical of the efficiency of intelligence tests from the start, in spite of the fact that an alert medical

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officer had originally insisted that they be used to grade men in the Army. They became sharply antipathetic when it turned out that the medical corps ranked lower in potential intelligence than any other Army officer corps except the dental and veterinary. Dr. Wile concludes that "It is a simple matter to sublimate one's own inactivity by blaming others for inducing the self-inflicted weakness," and urges that physicians utilize the valuable intelligence tests in their practice and cease to ridicule them.

By these tests, then, engineers in the Army made a high average of 96.8 per cent. Other groups averaged as follows: field artillery officers, 93 per cent.; sanitary corps (which includes the chemists and other laboratory men so many physicians regard with supercilious disdain), 89.8 per cent.; field signal officers, 88.2 per cent.; machine gun officers, 86.6 per cent.; infantry officers, 84.5 per cent.; quartermaster corps, 78.2 per cent.; *medical corps, 76.5 per cent.;* dental corps, 75.2 per cent.; and the veterinary, 60.8 per cent., which is actually little above the level of street car employees, barbers and grocery clerks.

It may be superfluous, but it is perhaps best to insist that no disparagement of the leaders of the profession is intended. Everybody knows that men of the very highest intelligence are in the medical profession, and that they are decidedly above adverse criticism from an ethical standpoint. It is a fact, however, that many such men are either in experimental medicine and work almost exclusively in laboratories, or else tend to be the heads of departments and to see few but exceptional cases; while the most competent physicians in general practice often command such fees as to frighten away the person in moderate circumstances. So the great masses of the people, eighty-five per cent. of them, indeed, must go for treatment to ordinary practitioners and incompetent specialists who necessarily fall below the average intelligence of the medical profession as a whole.

How then is it possible for an officer of the American Medical Association to write with a straight face that dearth of patients drives all incompetents out of the profession? We all know of instances in our own lives to refute this contention. When it comes to specialists, how much competence can we expect? No State standardization and no rigid regulations on the part of medical associations require that specialists shall show conclusive evidence of competence and training in their specialty.

Today when a man wants to specialize, he simply specializes and that ends the matter. Large numbers of medical school graduates restrict their practice at once and without any preliminary general practice or training in their specialty. A specialist may have special training, but it is not required, and one study of the graduates of fifty-two medical colleges over a certain period disclosed that forty per cent. of them had restricted their practice on graduation. Yet eleven per cent. of our physicians are specialists, and in some large cities twenty to twenty-five per cent. of them.

Two reasons for this tendency to specialize have been adduced by physicians themselves: 1—If you cannot master the whole field of medicine sufficiently well to become a good

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general practitioner, specialize, because it is easier; 2 — Specialism pays better, for it is invariably the specialist who gets the fat fee.

SINCE not even the practice of surgery requires previous specialized training, is it any wonder that Dr. Hugh Cabot should protest (*Annals of Clinical Medicine*, July, 1926) against the abdominal surgery too often undertaken uselessly, and against "exploratory" operations performed hastily and carelessly? Patients most frequently complain of abdominal pains, which are usually best treated by drug or dietetic therapy, yet Dr. Cabot found that individuals had often had from two to six major operations in the effort to locate a trouble which was predominantly neurotic or psychic. The theory is that a skilful and antiseptic operation can do no harm but, as Dr. Cabot plausibly remarks, operations are "not harmless amusements" and they are too often far from skilful.

No wonder that another medical journal in 1927 protested editorially against the snap diagnoses which promote the growth of cults and quacks by their erroneous character, and sadly listed the "tabetics operated on for gall stones, pneumonias for appendicitis, and the diabetics discovered after the operation" rather than before! No wonder this same *Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine* denounced surgical fads editorially in May, 1928, and explained that most of the patients operated on for so-called "chronic appendicitis" do not have that trouble or anything like it.

But, mark it, patients pay well for such service, just as well as for competent medical attention. Moreover, a certain gracelessness often animates those who serve us medically. It was my rare privilege a while back to be carried to a first class hospital in Detroit, with an advanced case of pneumonia. I rode in an ambulance to the hospital, was shunted about from one place to another, and finally landed upon a high bed in my room. I had various needs, discovered a push button, and used it. Each time I did so some angry person appeared in my doorway and shouted something I could hardly understand. For my edification these remonstrants usually shouted something different each time. Some, I think, merely advised me to be less bother and recommended a change of climate. Most of them gratuitously informed me that the intern would see me as soon as he finished fixing his car. One said I could not see my own physician just now, which was interesting and instructive, but not especially helpful. All of them scurried away before I could make any remarks, and I had plenty. This was at first puzzling, but gradually became an annoyance.

SUDDENLY, after one whole hour, there irrupted into my room a portly dowager with a notebook and very formidable glasses. She looked at me with frankly astonished curiosity, which seemed to ask how on earth I could possibly have gotten into the room, but I bore up well until she snapped: "Who's going to pay for this?" As I had as yet had no service and was still naïve enough to expect some, the question momentarily nonplussed me. But then, I am humiliated to say, years of austere Christian

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training rolled off me, I became as another person, and spake profane tongues. At the termination of my remarks the lady snorted like a small switch engine, backed cautiously to the door, called a supervisor and said audibly:

"He's in a delirium. But I've simply got to get the information for the office." The supervisor then approached me and I made a gentlemanly proposition to her. I offered to divulge the inmost secrets of my financial status and even to sign a check for thirty-five dollars, as demanded, to cover the first week, during which I hoped to live, provided she would then actually get me a doctor. This agreed, I replied to the dowager's very personal questions about my solvency, signed the check in a wavering hand — and then I did get a doctor, after another hour.

That same night I was thirsty. Each time I rebelled, which was often, I was brought a glass of milk. It was ice cold and I drank it on the theory that the hospital knew best. Finally I became desperately ill and perversely eructative, and I heard my attendant goddess say in some desperation to some august authority: "This man is more bother than enough tonight. Last night he was so quiet. I never knew him to drink so much milk!" And the august person addressed replied in subdued but minatory horror: "Milk! Good Lord, that man died last night, girl. This is another man. Milk ought to kill him. Give him fruit juice!"

The service did not improve. I was kept on a soft diet for days longer than necessary. Ultimately I got well enough to leave and was very summarily informed that I must pay in full before I could be released. I went to the office and paid over a hundred dollars. I had been there three weeks, and had had no special nursing. I paid my own physician $65. I paid two specialists $40, at the rate of $10 per visit. My pneumonia cost me, all told, around $250. I was unmarried at the time, and on a salary of $200 monthly, so this did not bankrupt me. But I cannot believe I got my money's worth.

Yet I personally know a man whose savings of a lifetime, $1,100, were wiped out in six weeks by his wife's recalcitrant thyroid gland, while another told me that he has not only been bankrupted but put heavily into debt by the unexpected advent of twins. Again, a woman with nervous debility was sent to a sanitarium and compelled to sit suffering on a hard bench in the hall until her husband saw the manager and signed a check to cover her first week's expenses. The attendants even refused to put her in a wheel chair until this ritual was attended. Aside from the down payment of $25, this first week cost $10 for a general examination, $5 for X-ray, $2 for special chemical tests, $3 for medicine, $5 for special treatments, $5 for ear, nose and throat examination, and meals in the room to a patient who was accepted as bedridden, fifteen cents each! A middle ear infection, the probable cause of her illness, was entirely overlooked during her three weeks' stay at the institution. This place was orthodox medically, and fanatically Christian religiously. Whether I should be consoled that the profits went to the good end of turning respectable Chi-

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nese Buddhists into Seventh Day Adventists, I do not know. The lady was my wife.

COMMON figures covering the cost of single illnesses run about as follows today: Compound fractures $937; hernias $725; gall bladders, $274; bronchial pneumonias, $210; scarlet fevers, a bargain at $36, and simple quinsy a mere trifle to be picked up often as low as $25. An inoperable cancer has been known to cost $6,000 from the date of its discovery on January 1 to the death of the patient in April of the same year; the service was of course of the highest quality in this case. The lowest charge for a confinement in this neighborhood is $150; better service is available for $100 more, and it is safer to pay that, while the charge mounts to $400–500 if a specialist appears on the scene.

The following paragraph from an article by M. L. Harris in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* of May 5, 1928, is not devoid of interest:

> Two women were sent to me recently, each having fibroids of the uterus. The condition was easily diagnosible and each patient had herself discovered a mass in the lower part of the abdomen. Each had consulted her physician who, after examining her, referred her to a Roentgen ray laboratory to be examined roentgenographically. Numerous roentgenograms were made of the various organs and tissues, which were entirely negative. The Roentgen ray reports mentioned "indefinite shadow in the pelvis suggesting the presence of a tumor" and recommended that a surgeon be consulted. Here was an expense of from $25 to $40 to each patient without the slightest advantage to them, as a correct diagnosis could have been made by any qualified physician. It may be asserted that the roentgenograms were of value in that they might have discovered the presence of some other condition than the fibroids of the uterus, but the fact remains that had the physician made the kind of examination the patients were entitled to, he would have known whether or not there was any condition present which would make the use of the Roentgen ray desirable and would not have subjected the patients to a useless expense.

In 1920 the charges for private rooms in general hospitals in New York City varied from three to fifteen dollars a day, over one-half of the rooms costing from five to eight dollars daily. Semi-private beds ranged from three to four and a half dollars daily, and beds in wards from two to four dollars for adults. These charges cover only bed, board and general, not special, nursing service.

Dental films will cost a dollar in one hospital and five in another. An X-ray of the stomach or gastrointestinal tract may run from fifteen to seventy-five dollars, depending upon the institution and the patient's capacity to pay. A fee of from five to twenty-five dollars is charged for the use of the operating room, and anæsthesia costs at least five dollars. Special nursing runs from six to seven dollars a day and board, and it must be remembered that at least two nurses, perhaps three, are needed to cover the full twenty-four hours. These also are 1920 figures, and revisions upward have taken place since then.

THE following table, analytical of hospital bills in a certain institution, is taken from page 538 of H. H. Moore's excellent *American Medicine and the People's Health*. It gives more information regarding hospital costs than could be covered in several pages of text. The total figures in each case and the length of stay in the hospital were as follows: Influenza, 6 days for $62.75; Colitis, 18 days for $263.69;

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Diagnosis	*Board*	*Operating Room Fee*	*Laboratory Examination*	*X-ray*	*Special Drugs*	*Special Nursing*	*Extras*
Influenza	$57.00	.....	$4.00	.....	$1.75	.....	.....
Colitis	108.00	.....	27.00	.....	2.10	$126.00	$.59
Myocarditis	522.50	.....	5.00	.....	5.75	623.00	9.30
Neurasthenia	351.00	.....	14.00	.....	22.25	371.00	35.40
Complication	132.50	$35.00	29.00	$125.00	3.00	56.00	3.00
Appendicitis	188.50	35.00	21.00	75.00	3.00	119.00	3.00
Fracture	224.00	35.00	2.00	.....	.....	63.00	.....
Varicose Veins	217.00	35.00	2.00	.....	.....	28.00	.....

Myocarditis, 55 days for $1,165.55; Neurasthenia, 54 days for $793.65; Complication, 13 days for $383.50; Appendicitis, 24 days for $444.50; Fracture, four days for $124.00; and Varicose Veins, 21 days for $282.00.

Two facts stand out: 1 — The charges are very divergent for the same treatment. This is in the effort to compel wealthy patients to pay part of the bills of those who can pay nothing or but a fraction of the charge for their medical attention. No alert, intelligent profession would tolerate such an arrangement; it would instead so organize itself that service would be more generally available and that charges would be more equitably distributed.

2 — These charges exceed what people on ordinary salaries can pay. In 1925 the average earnings of a family in industry, with two or three members working, were $2,000. The average cost of living for a family of four was about $1,560, and the average earnings an employee ran as low as $1,200. The average cost of medical service a year according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics was $60 a family, which is a very low figure. Many families even with two or more wage earners fall far below the subsistence level, while most industrial families with only one wage earner fall at least to the subsistence level. This means that there is simply nothing left over for medical attention in a majority of these families. Yet the average paid for medical attention by families with an income of $2,500 varied from $100 to $154 annually in different parts of the country, and it was apparently needed. Not only that, but many families have had to pay or have had levied against them amounts for medical attention ranging, according to Moore's book, from $143 to $755. The gist of the matter is simply that adequate medical service is not available to a majority of the people in this country because the costs are prohibitive. It is to be hoped that the recently organized Committee on the Cost of Medical Care will do much to remedy this situation by giving it wide publicity.

Meanwhile, in the face of the present situation, how does the physician often deport himself? The chief surgeon of a prominent hospital did an exploratory abdominal operation on a man with an inoperable cancer of the stomach. The wife of the patient waited in his outer office while the operation was performed. Upon his return the surgeon imperiously demanded his fee of $5,000 at once. The wife explained the impossibility of producing this sum immediately, but the surgeon declared immediate payment customary and told her

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that she must make arrangements to have it for him very soon. As an afterthought he then remarked that her husband was dead.

Ultimately the widow had her attorney write, explain that the estate totalled only $20,000, and politely ask if the charge had not been erroneous. The surgeon soon courteously replied, yes, there had been a mistake; he forgot to include $62 for dressings. The entire charge was therefore $5,062. Please remit.

AGAIN; a young woman known to another surgeon to be earning thirty dollars weekly, and her mother's sole support, was told that she must have an immediate appendectomy. She was rushed to the hospital and had to borrow the money to pay in advance, as was of course demanded on her arrival. A clean operation was performed, a normal appendix was removed, and her recovery was without incident. The surgeon, knowing her financial status, demanded $1,500 as his fee, and the hospital actually refused to permit her to leave until she employed an attorney to make arrangements for her release!

In the Middle Ages the Moorish and Arabian hospitals of Spain presented to each departing patient a sum of gold in order that he might not be obliged to undertake hard labor too soon. How we have progressed since then!

You perhaps think I deal in fiction? You mentally accuse me of manufacturing horrible examples? You fancy, no doubt, that I quote some ignorant, venomous and vituperative cult journal, determined to libel the medical profession? Unfortunately your suspicions are groundless. I am quoting from an article on medical economics by M. L. Harris, M.D., which appeared in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* for November 26, 1927.

Then what shall we conclude? We pay well, if we pay at all, for medical attention. The price is definitely above the pocketbooks of most of us. In spite of this, much of the treatment we get is incompetent, the general intelligence of the medical profession is not high, and its avarice is too marked in many instances.

Shall we therefore echo Heine who said, as he lay dying, "With doctors I shall have no more to do. I observe that all the people who have died here this winter have had medical attendance"? Shall we follow old William Maclay, first Senator from Pennsylvania, who wrote in his journal, "The doctors did not call today, and it seems like delivering me from half of my misery"? Shall we say with Thomas Jefferson that we never see three physicians consulting together without looking aloft for a turkey buzzard hovering in the vicinity?

I THINK not. We must emulate Jefferson, who, for all of his bitterness against medical incompetence, was one of the first Americans to adopt vaccination and was a discerning and a constructive critic of medicine. The extremist is usually wrong in any case, and counter-faddism will seldom successfully combat faddism. But we can demand, in season and out of season, ever more and more science in medicine and an effort to make the best medical attention available to all sick people all of the time.

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When the Court Leaked

By George S. Brooks

Based on a picturesque incident of unpublished Supreme Court history, this is the first of several unique detective stories by an author who, whether as story teller or playwright, is always a good reporter

It was evident that Conroy was expected. Assistant assistants to the President's secretary passed him along from room to room, through reception lobbies, outer offices and entrance halls, as if the whole business of American Mills Incorporated waited upon his arrival.

At last Conroy reached the open door of Martin Wilson's private office.

"Mr. Wilson, This is Mr. Conroy."

The secretary slipped out, closing the door behind him.

Martin Wilson, the President of American Mills, rose and held out his hand. His eyes were clear and steady, his fingers strong and warm. Conroy instinctively liked the man.

"The bank tells me that you're the ablest man in your business in the country," Wilson observed, without preliminaries.

"I had a bit of luck on a couple of jobs I did for the bank."

"They tell me you keep your mouth shut."

"I try to."

Conroy's manner was direct and courteous. Approaching sixty and tending toward fleshiness, he was good looking, in a minor way. His hair was aluminum-white, atop of a red, humorous Irish face.

"Sit down, Mr. Conroy. Have a smoke?"

"Thank you."

Wilson seated himself. "Mr. Conroy, as I understand it, you're a confidential investigator."

"I am, if you like that word. I just call myself a private detective."

Wilson smiled. "I like to call things by their right names, too." The interchange put them both at their ease.

"Some banks and business houses hate to say that they employ a private detective," Conroy continued. "They invent all sorts of trick names for me."

"You've had other prominent clients beside the bank?"

"Several." The reply was dryly non-committal.

"You mostly handle business cases?"

"Most of my work's around here. Around Wall Street."

"Good." The answers obviously

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pleased Wilson. "The investigation I'm interested in is not a criminal matter."

"I've undertaken many that weren't."

WILSON looked away. He did not seem anxious to tell a stranger, even as discreet a visitor as Conroy, the secret query to which he required an answer.

"This matter concerns my daughter."

"Yes, sir."

"She's . . . let's see . . . born the year of the panic . . . that's right. Her mother died the next spring. She's twenty-one. An only child. You understand." Conroy nodded and said nothing. "There's her picture."

Wilson drew a miniature, in a rich leather carrying case, from the drawer of the desk, and passed it to the detective.

"A beautiful girl," Conroy exclaimed.

"You think so?" asked Wilson, eagerly as if to confirm his own judgment. "I always thought she was." He returned the miniature to the drawer. "Her name's Julie. For her mother. Well. I want Julie to marry, just as soon as she's ready. But I don't want her to make any mistake, when she picks out a man. Understand?"

Again Conroy nodded.

"A fellow was hanging around her all summer. He seemed all right. But I don't know anything about him."

Conroy interrupted with a gesture. "You want him looked up?"

"Exactly. There's nothing between them yet. Not so far as she's concerned. But she liked him. It might grow into something, you see."

"If you want to break it off, now's the time to do it."

"Sure." Wilson hesitated. "I don't usually set spies on Julie's friends. Hell! I can trust her. But this fellow, well, I couldn't figure him. At first I thought. . . ."

"Just a minute, Mr. Wilson. I'd rather not hear what you suspected, or what you thought. You don't want my judgment colored by your prejudices, do you?"

"No." Wilson spoke judicially. "You're right. Find out for yourself."

"What's his name and where'll I find him?" Conroy took a small notebook and pencil from his pocket.

"Charles D. Stair. That's his name. And don't forget that, if he should marry Julie, he'll be handling a God-awful lot of her money, some day."

"Charles D. Stair," repeated Conroy. "Where am I liable to find him?"

"A law student. In the New National Law College. In Washington."

This, too, was jotted down. Conroy rose, putting up the notebook. "O. K., Mr. Wilson. I'll send you a report, now and then. I'll mail 'em addressed to you and mark 'em 'personal and confidential' on the envelopes."

WILSON seemed rather surprised by the other's matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation.

"Hold on there. You're forgetting your expenses. . . ."

"Oh, no, Mr. Wilson." Conroy grinned and offered his hand. "You'll get a weekly bill for my expenses and a big bill for my fee when I'm through."

The detective clapped his hat on his head.

"I'll drop in and see you when I get back to town."

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The detective passed out of the door. Wilson rang for his secretary.

"Notice that man who just went out?" he demanded.

"Mr. Conroy?" asked the secretary.

"Yeah. Conroy."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, I noticed him."

"Well." The President of American Mills Incorporated settled back in his chair. "In my opinion, you noticed a damn smart man."

IT WAS just a week afterward that Martin Wilson sat in the same chair from which he had delivered his dictum about Michael Conroy, and read a badly typed sheet that had come to him in the morning's mail:

PRELIMINARY REPORT ON
CHARLES D. STAIR, OF
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Stair located without difficulty at New National Law School. He is 29 years old, born in Yonkers, N. Y., educated in public schools and was formerly a student at Columbia. This is his third year in Washington. Summers he works in broker's office.

2. Stair is considered best and brightest student ever enrolled at the law college. Dean of school says Stair "is most remarkable young man with whom I ever came in contact. His grasp of fundamental law approaches genius." Stair is popular with students and faculty. He is tireless and conscientious worker. President of school says "Stair is model student."

3. Stair's habits are good. He lives clean.

4. Stair's immediate relatives now live in California. My California agent reports Stair sends $500 a month to his mother and is educating a younger brother in the University of Southern California. Stair has been self-supporting since he was 19, due to his father's becoming invalid: within the past year he undertook to support his mother.

5. Stair himself lives at Hotel Washington, here. He spends between $12,000 and $15,000 a year on himself. He keeps two automobiles, owns a speed boat and is considering buying a yacht.

6. At the college, Stair is believed to be the son of very wealthy parents. I have found no possible source of income, legitimate or otherwise.

7. Mr. Wilson, this doesn't look right to me. This Stair is too smooth. He's costing me sleep nights, because I lay awake wondering what his racket is and I can't find a thing. I went through his room and I didn't find a scrap of paper that shouldn't have been there. He has a photo of your daughter on his bureau and no other women's pictures. He never goes around with dames and I think he's in love with your daughter.

8. My expenses for this week are $138.75. Please send draft to me at Hotel Washington and oblige,

MICHAEL CONROY.

Martin Wilson pursed his lips and whistled. He ran his fingers through his sparse hair, read the report a second time, and summoned his secretary.

"Take this telegram," he ordered. "Martin Conroy, Hotel Washington, Washington, D. C. Draft for five hundred dollars follows stop spare no effort or expense stop must probe this thing to bottom stop I have got to know what it all means stop and sign my name to it."

Two hours later, the answer to the wire was in Wilson's hand.

"I WROTE you all I know in my report stop I want to know myself stop this fellow has me dizzy stop signed CONROY."

The last phrase of Conroy's telegram was no exaggeration. In his thirty-four years of police and detective and private detective work, he had never bumped his head into a more solid wall of human contradictions than was presented to him in the case of Charles D. Stair, Esq. It annoyed him.

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For Michael Conroy was an orderly-minded person. He liked to classify both his clients and his subjects into human grand divisions of probity and knavery. He knew that these qualities frequently overlapped, but in Conroy's code there was a well defined line of distinction. In his mental index he listed his acquaintances and friends as honest, honest-with-crooked-tendencies, crooked-with-honorable-instincts, entirely-crooked, or fools. Most people, Conroy held, fitted into the second and third classifications. Fools were plentiful, while the outright honest and entirely crooked were uncommon finds.

Charles D. Stair was no fool. But he might easily belong in any of the other groups.

AN ARRANGEMENT with the chambermaid, in which fifty dollars figured, brought Stair's waste basket into Conroy's room each morning. And over the discarded contents, the detective spent hours of earnest research. He laboriously pieced together torn up memoranda and notes, without adding one grain to the total of his knowledge.

The waste basket, however, served one purpose. The New York papers that came from it, each morning, were invariably opened to the market pages.

"That ain't right," said Conroy joyfully, to himself. "He's watching the stocks. At his age, he ought to be reading the sport sections." But never, in the waste of the basket, was there a memorandum that indicated a buying or a selling order.

Conroy, with a distinct effort, for he preferred association with mature minds, made friends with some of Stair's fellow students. A wild Irish boy named Hogan, from Detroit, became the detective's shadow. Hogan had a chronic thirst for gin and an insufficient allowance. Conroy bought him drinks and pumped him about the gossip of the law school, always bringing the conversation around to Stair.

"Stair'll make his mark," Hogan boasted, one night. "Stair'll be appearing down here, in no time. There's mighty few lawyers could faze him on constitutional law, right now."

"That so?" One would have said Conroy's interest was purely perfunctory.

"He knows more about the Supreme Court than half the lawyers that appear before the Justices."

"Yeah?"

"I'm tellin' you he does." Hogan was nettled at Conroy's tone of unbelief. "He spends all his spare time in Supreme Court. Just listening to cases."

"What good does that do him?"

"WHY he's heard the arguments one very important case that's been decided since he came to Washington. That's the kind of a fellow Stair is."

"Anxious to get along, eh?"

"He analyzes those cases."

"And there are some pretty important suits come up, I suppose."

Hogan was provoked at the other's lack of comprehension. "If the Supreme Court decided against you, you got to take your appeal to God. That's how important the Supreme Court is. Why, look at the decisions that were handed down Monday. That Illinois title case meant twenty-

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five millions to the defendants. Didn't you ever hear about the Supreme Court?"

"I knew there was one," Conroy admitted. "Let's have another drink."

"That's what Stair studies. I'll bet he can tell you every Supreme Court decision since the Civil War. Why, he reads 'em like you'd read a novel."

"I've seen lots of smart young squirts, like him, that never amounted to much when they got out of school."

"Stair'll amount to plenty." The Detroit boy was quite excited in establishing Stair's position.

"There's lots of other colleges. And plenty of honor students in 'em, that everybody thinks are going to set the world on fire. But they don't." Conroy waved his hand, as if his interest were exhausted.

"Listen." Hogan leaned across the café table, to give a drunken emphasis to his words. "You watch Stair. That's what I'm tellin' you. Watch Stair. Why, he knew what the Illinois case decision would be, four days before it was handed down. That's how smart he is."

Hogan sat back in conscious triumph.

CONROY felt the hair stiffen and bristle at the back of his neck. For three weeks he had been working, waiting, scheming; yes, and almost praying for this information, which Hogan had passed him so casually.

"Aw, go on." Conroy yawned, as if bored, while his mind raced ahead down the avenue of possibilities to which the other had directed him.

"It's so," Hogan affirmed.

"None of those Judges would tell a young cub like Stair what they were going to do."

"Justice Pammeter told him."

"You're drunk, Hogan."

INWARDLY Conroy was exulting. That would explain all the inexplicable part of Stair, if he had discovered a Supreme Court leak, the dream of every stock market plunger. It was no wonder that Stair was making money. Stair was merely gambling on a sure thing.

"I'm not drunk. I didn't say Justice Pammeter knew he tipped his decision to Stair. But he did, just the same."

"You might get Stair into trouble, talking like that."

A smile of drunken cunning flitted over Hogan's face.

"It's awful funny. Justice Pammeter comes out to the law school t' lecture. Every Thursday afternoon. Stair an' I are takin' those lectures. See? And the Justice talked about that Illinois case, under a phoney name."

"How did you know it was the Illinois case?" demanded Conroy.

"I didn't — not till I went down to the Supreme Court with Stair, one day, when the Illinois case was being argued. And some things Stair said showed me it was the same case. And the Justice had been explaining it all to us in class, but disguised, see? And when he got through, he showed us just what the law was. So Stair and I knew that the Supreme Court would find for the defendants."

That was all Hogan could tell. Conroy called a cab and took the youngster to his boarding house.

Either by accident or shrewd design, as Conroy realized, Charles D. Stair had made a remarkable discovery.

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In his law lectures Justice Pammeter usually spoke upon the case in which he was, at that moment, interested. That was the most natural proceeding imaginable. Carefully disguising names and facts, the Justice thought he gave no forecast of the Court's opinion.

STAIR, by following with scrupulous care the cases which were argued before the Supreme Court ,was able to penetrate the disguise and guess the court's decision in advance.

All this was duly reported to Wilson in New York.

"Catch him at it. Expose him," came the prompt order.

"I would, too, if she were my daughter," agreed Conroy, when he read the message.

For a month, the detective watched and waited. On a Friday morning, he found a torn carbon copy of a telegram in the débris of the student's waste basket. It was addressed to a New York broker: "Before Monday buy C & C common to extent of credit."

On Monday, Conroy knew, Supreme Court decisions would be handed down.

Many of the market symbols were Greek to the detective. He hunted up a broker.

"Why! 'C & C' is Coast and Cuba Transport. The big shipping lines." The broker paused. "That makes me think. There's a decision due on that company soon."

"Were they suing someone?" asked Conroy.

"The Government's suing them, to recover some terminals and docks. The stock's pretty low now."

"Is it a buy?"

"It would be," said the broker, "if the company should happen to win."

Conroy knew now all that he wanted to know. Justice Pammeter had evidently indicated that the Government suit against the company would be decided for the company. Coast and Cuba Transport would boom, and Charles D. Stair would profit "to the extent of credit," at his broker's.

Stair was guilty of no crime. No punishment had ever been devised for such an offense. There was a bare possibility that the Supreme Court, were the facts laid before the Justices, might hold the law student in contempt, fine him, even impose a jail sentence upon him. Conroy was not inclined to believe they would. The Supreme Court would scarcely care for the publicity that would be sure to follow such a Court order.

Conroy walked out of the hotel, and called a cab.

"Drive me to Justice Pammeter's house," he told the chauffeur. "That's out Rhode Island Avenue."

The detective had concluded that the Justice was entitled to know the story.

THE cab stopped at an old house, a brick mansion that dated back to the leisurely years before the Civil War. A flagstone walk bordered by box hedges led up to the columned porch. Conroy rang the bell.

A great oak door swung open. Holding it was a negro butler, as dignified in appearance as the house itself.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"I have no appointment with Justice Pammeter, but I'd like to see him, for a few minutes."

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"Will you step inside, sir?" The butler belonged to a generation which neither delivered nor received messages on the front steps. He led Conroy into a reception room, took Conroy's hat and made the detective seat himself upon the horsehair cushion of a rosewood chair, before he consented to listen.

"You said the Justice wasn't expecting you this afternoon?" The negro's manner tactfully suggested that on another afternoon, Justice Pammeter would be awaiting the call. Conroy sensed the punctilious courtesy of the phrasing. He told the negro his name.

"I have some information which I believe Justice Pammeter should receive. I would like the privilege of delivering it to him. If another hour would be more convenient . . ."

"If you don't mind waiting, sir, I will take your message to Justice Pammeter." The butler left him in the reception room, with a final bow.

"Whew!" Conroy slumped in his chair. "It isn't going to be so good, telling this old man that he's spilling stuff to a sure-fire gambler. He's liable to cite me for contempt for finding out about it." Conroy smiled to himself. "A man who'd keep a butler like that is liable to be tough to handle."

CONROY owned a very vivid imagination. Under the hypnotic influence of the age darkened wainscoting and the rosewood furniture in the room, he could picture himself pitched out of the front door, hustled out the back door, or thrown from an upstairs window by the excited retainers of the household.

"Justice Pammeter'll be very happy to see you." The butler had returned. "Judge 'scused himself for not coming down stairs, sir." The butler chuckled. "He don't run up and down stairs so easy as he used to. Come with me, sir, if you please."

FOR a minute, Conroy was half inclined to make his escape. But, with many misgivings about the wisdom of his course, he followed the negro up the curving staircase to the book-lined study on the second floor.

"Judge, this is the gentleman who called."

"Thanks, Peter."

Justice Pammeter stood up to welcome his caller.

If ever a man looked like a jurist, it was the owner of the old house. He was tall and spare and straight, wearing clothes whose style belonged to the Reconstruction era, but wearing them with such quiet dignity that they would never have provoked a smile.

His hair was white, his hand so thin that it was almost transparent beneath the reading lamp upon his desk. His face was almost hawk-like, and from it flashed an eye that neither age, nor study, nor controversy, nor fear, had ever dimmed.

"Come in, sir. Peter forgot your name. He always does."

"I'm Michael Conroy of New York. I'm a private detective."

"You wished to see me?" The Justice's white eyebrows lifted in polite surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you be seated?" The Justice motioned him to a chair at the opposite side of his desk.

"Mr. Associate Justice," Conroy

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hoped that this was the formal title by which the man should be addressed, "I have some information that concerns the integrity of the business of the Court; not of the Court itself . . ."

Justice Pammeter was on his feet, his face flushed, his hand trembling with anger.

"The business of the Court is the Court. The integrity of the Court's business is identical with the integrity of the Court. Why mince your words? Say what you have to say."

"Well, sir." Conroy moistened his lips with his tongue. "At least one man is successfully gambling with stocks, on the basis of advance information on Court decisions."

"I think you're mistaken, sir." The old Justice curbed his temper and his resentment. "I've heard such tales many times before. Many times. It's impossible."

"He knew what the Illinois case decision would be, four days before it was handed down."

"That's absurd. I wrote the Court's decision on that case myself."

Justice Pammeter's fingers were drumming on the desk top, nervously.

"He is now gambling on the decision in the Coast and Cuba Transport suit."

The effect of the statement upon the old Justice was electrical. His white fingers gripped the desk top, as if he were keeping himself from falling from his chair.

"The Coast and Cuba suit?" The Justice gasped.

"Yes, sir. He expects a decision on that to be handed down on Monday."

Without another word Justice Pammeter rose, crossed the room, and closed the door to his study.

"No man knows of that decision, except the members of the Court. No man could know it, unless he were a member of the Court. I did not even trust my secretary with my opinion. I wrote it out myself, with this very pen, while I was locked in this very room."

"Yes, sir." It was all that Conroy could force himself to say.

"There was a leak in the Court once, years ago. The man responsible for it was taken to the White House, to confront the President. And, by the Eternal! sir, we made him so aware of his guilt that he committed suicide."

"Yes, sir."

Every minute, it was becoming more difficult for Conroy to tell the Justice the whole story.

"Do you know where this — this — this miscreant," the Justice fumbled for the word, "obtained his information?"

Conroy wanted to say, "No," and save the Justice's heartbreak. In the detective's mind was only sympathy and understanding for the proud old man. But the Justice's eyes bored through him, seeming to pierce his very thoughts.

"Why did you come to me with this story?" demanded Justice Pammeter. "Why to me rather than another?"

Again Conroy was silent.

"Did you come to me," the Justice stood rigid and impartial as an Archangel beside the Judgment Seat, "Did you come to me because you thought it was through my agency that this leak occurred?"

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Conroy looked away.

"Answer me, sir. Yes or no."

There was a magnificent, regal simplicity of that command given in the tone of one who must be obeyed. Conroy wilted.

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"You discussed the decision, in your lecture at the college. You disguised the case, sir. But this young fellow follows the arguments as they are presented to the Court. He recognized this case, as you mentioned it in your lecture."

"He is now gambling on the decision?"

"Yes, sir."

"He bought Coast and Cuba Transport stock?"

"Yes, sir."

"In quantity?"

"To the limit of his credit."

The Justice sat thinking. He seemed to Conroy much calmer, now that the story had been bared. He rose, held out his hand to the detective.

"Mr. Conroy, I am indebted to you. You have done a service to the State. I am honored to have received a confidence as frank as yours."

Conroy found nothing to say. He rose and bowed.

"THE Marshal of the Court will have a seat for you, when we convene on Monday morning. May I request that you be present?"

"Of course, sir."

"After Monday morning, I do not believe it will ever be necessary for either of us to recall this incident."

"No, sir."

The Justice rang for the butler. Then, as he waited, his duty as a host was recalled to him.

"Are you interested in gardening, Mr. Conroy?"

"I never really had a chance. I grew up on pavements, you see."

"It happens to be my hobby." Justice Pammeter spoke easily. "If you call in the spring or early summer, I would like to show you my tulips."

The butler pushed open the door.

"Peter, call a cab for Mr. Conroy."

CONROY followed Peter down the broad stairs. He had forgotten everything about his mission, except the picture of the sternly, incorruptibly proud old jurist, standing behind his desk and talking of tulips, while they both thought of the strange manner in which Justice Pammeter's indiscretion had violated the integrity of the Court.

It was a bad week end that Conroy passed in the hotel. Never for a minute did he cease to wonder what would be the outcome of it all. He remembered, with a touch of horror, how Justice Pammeter had told of the suicide of the man who had been caught telling the secrets of the Court.

It was inconceivable that Justice Pammeter would allow Stair to go unpunished. And in unmasking Stair, it seemed that the Associate Justice must himself confess. Conroy feared that, since he had been asked to be present, Justice Pammeter was contemplating a confession or a statement in the courtroom. And Conroy was shrewd enough to know that, if the Justice's sense of duty dragged that from him, only death could wipe out the shame of it.

Monday morning came, dragging in like a prisoner to the bar. Conroy did not care for breakfast. On his way

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down in the elevator, he saw Stair, smiling, care-free, confident.

CONROY realized that, for the first time in years, he really hated his own victim. Usually Conroy rather grew to like the man he trailed.

The Supreme Court Chamber was packed. A dozen important decisions that might be handed down were, in themselves, sufficient to call in the interested litigants, their attorneys and the curious. In the room, Conroy again caught sight of Stair. Long before the cry of "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!" announced the convening of the Court, every seat in the Chamber was occupied.

The Justices filed in and took their places upon the dais. As Conroy looked at Pammeter's thin, worn face, it seemed to him that the suffering of two days was visible upon it. The routine of the Court droned along. At last they came to the case of the United States *versus* the Coast and Cuba Transport Company, appellants. There was a subdued murmur in the room.

An Associate Justice arose to read the Court's opinion.

Conroy glanced at Justice Pammeter. He could see no change in the old man's expression.

The Justice read on and on. Suddenly, Conroy caught the words, "a contract based on fraud and for which the Government of the United States is no longer answerable. . . ."

Conroy glanced quickly at Stair. The young man had gone pale and was trembling.

The Justice read on.

"And such is the decision of this Court, Justice Pammeter dissenting."

With a start, Conroy looked up at the Justice. And he always believed that Justice Pammeter winked back at him.

* * *

MARTIN WILSON signed the check and passed it to Michael Conroy. "So the kid went to California, eh?" asked Wilson.

"That's right. He sold his cars and his boat and cleared out."

"You certainly gave me my money's worth." Wilson's smile was a pleasant thing to see. "I asked my daughter if she'd heard from young Stair lately. She told me she hadn't heard in weeks. I don't believe she cared."

"He was too smart," Conroy grinned. "Way too smart."

"I don't suppose Stair ever thought that Justice Pammeter might interpret the law differently from the other Justices. And, naturally, when the Justice lectured at the college, he only cared about his own opinion, not about what the whole Court held."

Conroy laughed aloud. "It doesn't pay to be too smart."

"If Justice Pammeter knew what had been happening, I'll bet he'd laugh for a week."

"Maybe he did know," said Michael Conroy.

Next month by the same author: "Fail, Fail Again." Another detective story drawn from current life and revealing in humorous vein the mechanics of a multi-million dollar swindle now afflicting American business.

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Shall We All Fly Soon?

By Clarence D. Chamberlin

The popular hero of the Columbia's flight to Germany, now retained by New York City to advise on airport development, foresees the early coming of the family air "flivver"

At an airport near New York the other day I met a typical "flying ranchman" from the West. He was the owner and pilot of his own plane, in which he had come East for a business meeting. He had made the trip comfortably in half the time it would have taken him by train.

He told me that the main use to which he put his machine was range riding, aërial inspection along miles of barbed wire fence encompassing his ranch, and spotting flights above wide grazing lands to locate herds of stock. Also his plane served to carry supplies and mail to cow punchers working on the range. "As a fence rider," he said, "I'm able to cover from ten to twenty times the ground that I could with a horse. The flat, open nature of the country makes it possible to land alongside any break in the wire that I may discover, to fix it swiftly, and to fly on to search for other breaches." Incidentally, he thought my own little plane would be ideal for such work and wanted to know where one might be had like it.

This air-minded rancher together with several hundred other business men and farmers who already are using their private airplanes as casually as their automobiles, constitute the best answer to a question that is now being hotly discussed among laymen and in aviation circles.

Is the time coming, runs the discussion, when Americans in large numbers will flock through the air in their own private ships? A few sensational prophecies to the effect that they will have lately been made, chiefly by non-flying men. The weight of opinion among professional flyers seems to be to the contrary. True, everybody familiar with week-end crowds at the airports knows that the country's current enthusiasm over aviation has already emerged from the armchair and side-line state. The day when Americans shunned the air at home but — on holidays abroad — blithely soared over the European lines, has passed. It is the tendency of many practical flyers, however, to predict that American aviation will henceforth

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take almost exclusively the form of passenger travel in big commercial ships similar to those used in Europe.

With that prediction I disagree. The burden of the prophet I disclaim, but I am firm in the belief, nevertheless, that there is a distinct place in American aviation for the "family ship", the personal plane, piloted by the owner, or his son or his daughter, as the family car is operated today. There is a growing interest in flying which can be met only by this type of plane, and the conditions which have militated against a speedier development of the type are only temporary and are far from insurmountable.

In the year that has elapsed since the Columbia's flight to Germany, I have visited about sixty towns and cities in the eastern half of the United States. I travelled in my own air "flivver" on a flying lecture tour that had as its purpose the promotion of interest in aviation and the crystallization of sentiment for the construction everywhere of municipal airports. I learned a lot of things on this speaking tour, including the fact that making flights is a great deal easier than making speeches.

The plane I used had once been a Sperry Messenger, a small, light type machine developed by the late Lawrence Sperry for use as an aërial dispatch carrier by the Army. It had been rebuilt according to my own ideas with a longer and more efficient top wing and tapered wing-tips, until it bore only a slight resemblance to the original Sperry and performed considerably better in the air. The motor was still the same, however, a three-cylinder, air-cooled, 60-horsepower forerunner of the Wright Whirlwind engine, which was built in 1919 but still functioned perfectly and gave no trouble throughout the entire trip. It was still what we would call an air "flivver" and what the English term a light airplane; a personal machine designed to carry one or two persons comfortably and swiftly through the skies and at a reasonable cost. As a matter of fact I averaged twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline on my tour, had to make only the most trifling repairs, and paid but an average of two cents a mile for fuel and oil.

This plane was one of several types with which I have experimented in my search for an ideal air "flivver". There is no doubt in my mind that it is possible to build such a machine and that the American public will buy and fly it when it has been produced. It is only a question of making a good plane of this class in sufficient quantity to sell at a reasonable price — say from $3,500 down to $2,000 or even lower. The demand exists and will continue to exist. The industry is so far behind in present production that any and every type of plane capable of meeting Department of Commerce requirements is sold long before it is finished.

At each new town in which I landed, my revamped Sperry and I were immediately surrounded by aviation enthusiasts who wanted to know where similar planes might be had, how soon they could get delivery, and at what price the machines would be sold. I was forced to answer that my ship was the only

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one of its kind, a sort of flying laboratory in which I was working out some of my ideas, and that production of a similar type was a matter that must be taken care of by the future.

DEVELOPMENT of the air "flivver" in this country has been held back chiefly for want of a dependable motor of the proper size, horsepower and weight. Until very recently we have had no power plant in America comparable with the Cirrus air-cooled 80 horsepower engine that made possible England's De Haviland "Moth" and the Avro "Avian". These planes are known and used throughout the world not only for sport flying but as training machines and in commercial aviation requiring small, economical aircraft.

There is no mystery in my mind about what an air "flivver" ought to be and do. It must be light and rugged, with a motor that is simple and economical, easy of upkeep and unlikely to get out of repair. It should carry two or three persons, have a high speed of 100 miles an hour, a landing speed of 35 to 40, and a cruising speed of 80 to 85. The motor should develop 60 to 100 horsepower and carry the plane at least twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline, flying 35,000 to 40,000 miles between major overhauls and 15,000 to 20,000 between minor overhauls. The plane complete, without passengers or baggage, should not weigh more than 700 or 800 pounds. To my way of thinking, the very light, slow planes, driven by tiny motors, are impractical if interesting toys, which a head wind of thirty miles an hour will render an even slower means of transportation than the automobile. After all, the only real reason for flying is to get somewhere quickly and to avoid the delays of traffic congestion. How often have I sailed along at 100 miles an hour over the highways leading out of New York and other great cities and smiled at the long lines of Sunday traffic moving a few feet at a time over the hot asphalt! How often have I looked down and chuckled at some hapless motorist getting a ticket from an irate motorcycle cop who caught him in the act of "stepping on it"! There is no speed limit in the air, no narrow roads to dictate how and where you may go.

ONE thing more must be said about the characteristics of the ideal air "flivver". Its aërodynamic design must be such that it does not easily get into trouble in the hands of the inexperienced pilot. It should be difficult to throw into tail spins and stalls, and it should recover from them quickly and of its own accord as soon as the pilot neutralizes the controls. In order to lessen the hazards of crashing in a forced landing, as well as to enable the pilot to use small fields, it ought to be capable of "squashing" down in stall landings at an angle of 45 to 60 degrees with almost no forward speed. Such a landing probably would "wash out" the ship, but it would enable the pilot to land in almost any sort of place without seriously injuring either himself or his passengers. Many planes now built have most of these characteristics; there is no reason why all of them cannot be incorporated in a light airplane.

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Most non-flying people seem to have the idea that airplanes require a special type of fuel and expert mechanics to care for them. The "flivver" with which I toured more than half a hundred towns and cities last winter and spring was adjusted to use any good automobile gas that might be available wherever I stopped. If I found the fuel running low *en route* from one lecture engagement to another, I would pick out a road, follow it until I sighted a filling station with a field beside it, land, taxi in as close as possible, and gas up. Every light airplane owner wants to be able to do the same sort of thing. Once, when I was winging across Florida, the only filling station I could find was on the main street of the little town of Clewiston, on the tip of Lake Okeechobee, where a landing was out of the question. I had no time to spare, so I throttled the motor and circled down low.

"Bring me out five gallons of gas," I yelled down to the attendant who was gawking up at me. He nodded and I flew out to the edge of the town and landed in a new sub-division. A few minutes later a service car rattled out with the garage keeper and my gasoline aboard. Ten years from now, filling stations all over the country will be so located as to serve both the driving and the flying public.

WITHIN that same period of ten years I foresee a rapid development of amateur flying clubs in the United States. In England there are already approximately a hundred such clubs, nineteen of which specialize in teaching women to fly, for the price of an average evening frock. The British Government, recognizing the flying club as a valuable adjunct to national defence, provides each club with a plane and bestows a bounty upon each member who qualifies for a pilot's license. American aviation can hope for no such helpful patronage, but the club idea is catching on here, one encouraging sign being the recently formed Aviation Country Clubs sponsored by Miss Ruth Nichols, the society girl flyer of Rye, N. Y.

TEN or twenty aviation enthusiasts who can muster $100 to $200 apiece are all that is necessary to start an airplane club in any town. Reasonably good airplanes are now available for prices ranging up to $3,500, and it will not be long before true light airplanes may be had for this work. Usually in such a group of flying fans there will be at least one pilot who is qualified to instruct the other members of the club until they can "solo" without undue hazard to the club ship. As in the English clubs, a regular fee can be charged the members per hour of instruction or solo use of the plane. In addition there are many little jobs of odd flying that may be done with the machine to bring a bit of revenue into the treasury. These may take the form of passenger "hops", photographic flights and aërial advertising work. Dozens of ways of earning money with an airplane are always cropping up, once you have the airplane. And this income, however modest it may be, will help take the edge off operating expenses, inevitable minor repairs and upkeep.

Some leaders in the aëronautical industry think that the advent of

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commercial air lines, equipped with giant multi-motored transports, will sound the knell of the small ship. I fail to agree. To my way of thinking the two sorts of flying are supplemental rather than at odds with each other. The more air liners we build and use the more pilots we shall need to operate them, and the light airplane will build up a potential reserve from which to draw commercial airmen.

At present the young pilot encounters a serious difficulty. He can learn to fly at one of the flying schools, but receives only ten hours for his $300 tuition fee. Before he can get a job with a transport company, he must have 200 hours in the air. How is he to acquire this experience? Hitherto Army training has been almost the only source; the coming of the light plane and the amateur flying club will solve this problem. And this is another reason why the air "flivver" should be a real airplane, so that the pilot who learns to fly it can, with a little special training, fly any type plane in use at the present time.

Again, as competition increases, the cost of instruction doubtless will fall. Almost every manufacturer of airplanes now has an airdrome adjacent to his factory, where new machines are test flown and adjusted. It is but a step from this, for those who cater to the private owner, to a staff of instructors and a regular flying school from which customers who expect to do their own piloting must be "soloed" before they are turned loose.

All this is no idle dream. Hundreds and thousands of airplanes have been sold and are being sold to private owners in this country. Of the 3,500 which are scheduled to be produced in this country this year, fully one-third will be privately owned. Most of the older planes, by-products of the war, are even now passing out of the picture for reasons as logical as those which created them in the beginning. After the Armistice a vast surplus of training plane engines, chiefly the famous Curtiss O-X-5 90-horsepower motor of the wartime "Jenny", was turned loose in the commercial market at ridiculously low prices. Naturally they were bought up by enterprising manufacturers who proceeded to design two and three place planes about them. These are the nearest approach that we in America have to the light airplane of England, but they are far above the weight limit of this class, largely because of their heavy, obsolete water-cooled motor. They have served a good purpose because they did their bit in making America air minded, but their day is done now that the post-war supply of O-X motors virtually has been exhausted.

Their manufacturers long ago saw the beginning of the end. Most of them, lacking a modern air-cooled power plant of about the same horsepower as the O-X motor, which might have converted their ships into real light airplanes, began "beefing up" the structure of their planes so that they would "take" the Wright Whirlwind motor or a similar power plant. The result was greater speed and better performance — inevitable with 200 horsepower instead of 90 — but the product was

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farther than ever away from the field of the light airplane. The purchase price was too high and the cost of operation excessive for the ordinary man who ought to own and fly his "personal airplane".

By private owner I mean the man who operates an airplane for his own convenience or pleasure rather than as a pilot flying "for hire or reward". In the West the country is naturally adapted to the use of airplanes because there are great distances to be covered, perfect weather is the rule rather than the exception, and every field is fit for an emergency landing. There many farmers and ranchers already own and fly planes, while at airports throughout the country private individuals who fly for sport have become familiar during this last summer.

THERE is another phase of America's new air consciousness that assures the air "flivver" a permanent place in the aëronautical sun. This is the fact that the boys, and for that matter many of the girls, of today are air-minded by virtue of having grown up with the airplane, just as my generation grew up with the automobile. Nothing is going to keep them from flying. And they will learn to handle a plane much more easily than those of us who were introduced to it as an entirely new and somewhat terrible thing. I know. I have taken up youngsters of twelve to sixteen who "got the hang" of flying in a very few minutes. It often takes hours of perspiring and despairing effort on the part of an instructor before an adult acquires the same knowledge. My father had a terrible time learning to run his car. I picked up the knack without anyone to teach me and, like nearly every other boy, soon excelled my father as a driver. The same thing is being reënacted with the airplane. The boys of today are learning to fly with the minimum of instruction and will continue to use planes as naturally as the generation ahead of them used automobiles. This is the flying age and it is begetting a flying people.

Too much mystery, I think, has been thrown about the question of who can and who cannot fly. The facts are that any normal, healthy boy who can learn to ride a bicycle and skate, doesn't need to worry about his ability to become a flyer. He may be short and fat or tall and skinny, black haired, red headed, freckle faced, bow legged, left handed or tongue tied, but none of these things will prevent him from learning how to handle an airplane. He might fall down on some of the highly specialized tests required of those who are selected for training as military aviators in the Army or Navy, but if he has a sound body and a clear brain there is no reason why he cannot learn to fly his own airplane and to fly it well.

THE man who wants to use a plane as he would an automobile — to go somewhere quickly and comfortably — needs no more special physical qualifications than are required to drive an automobile. He ought to be able to see and hear and judge distances, but so should the man behind a steering wheel. In these days of congested traffic it is a question if the man handicapped on any of these scores is not better off in the air than on the ground. During

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the war candidates for aviation training were put through a rigorous physical examination which eliminated the vast majority of those who wanted to be flyers. Probably not more than ten or twelve per cent. of the original applicants ever got as far as winning their wings. This would seem to contradict what has just been said, but no more convincing proof of the assertion that almost anyone can learn to fly is needed than statistics prepared recently by the Air Division of the United States Department of Commerce. These show that the physical examinations required for commercial pilots' licenses — strikingly more lenient than the old wartime requirements, but far from lax in themselves — have been passed by nearly 93 per cent. of the applicants.

PRACTICALLY any healthy person, then, can learn to fly; small ships will soon be available at no greater cost than a fine car; technical improvements making for greater safety are under way; airports are springing up like mushrooms; skilled instruction is readily available and will soon be cheaper; and, most important of all, our youngsters have grown air-minded. From all of which the conclusion seems to me inevitable that the day of the family plane, privately operated like the automobile for business and recreation, is at hand.

¶ *Next month Gen. John F. O'Ryan, commander of the Twenty-seventh Division in France, and now head of the Colonial Air Transport Company, predicts the rapid development of American aviation in great commercial systems comparable to the railroads, rather than in the universal use of family planes comparable to our motor cars.*

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The Decline of Protestantism

By David Warren Ryder

To this year's copious discussions of Church problems a thoughtful writer contributes the suggestion that the religious forces opposing Catholicism sprang from the germ of their own ultimate defeat

Approximately four centuries ago, as this is written, certain German princes at the Council of Spires were denouncing the decree of the majority, which involved a virtual submission to the complete authority of the Roman Catholic Church. It was to these princes, who were friendly to the views represented by the Reformation, that the term "Protestant", which came finally to attach to all who embraced the principles and common system of doctrines taught by Martin Luther, was first applied.

The rise of Protestantism, which just four centuries ago was in process of birth, could not have been otherwise than swift, because it was more the product of revolution than of evolution. For centuries the rule of the Roman Catholic Church was virtually absolute. It told men what to do, to say, to think. And not only some men, but *all*: from kings and emperors, from princes and statesmen, it exacted the same implicit obedience as from the masses. It increased constantly the degree of its dominion over soul, body and mind, until the highest did grovellingly its bidding, and life for great masses of people was hard and ignoble. Intellectual aspiration was stifled. The noble pursuit of truth — ever the main avenue of man's escape from moral, mental and physical stagnation and degeneracy — was rigorously obstructed.

Within all this were the strong seeds of revolt. Human nature is such that tyranny, of whatever source, finally reaches its climax in rebellion. And the lengths to which men in rebelling go, approximate the degree of tyranny under which they have suffered.

Within vast numbers of people there were the smouldering embers of revolution against the Roman Catholic Church. It remained for the nonconformist and intrepid Martin Luther to fan these embers into flames, which, burning redhot, spread rapidly over large regions and consumed there much of the power of Catholicism.

Propelled by the fury of its revolt, and taking quick, firm root in the political and social consequences of

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the important scientific discoveries of the Fifteenth Century, Protestantism spread swiftly, and rapidly amassed great strength. In the vigor of its rebellion against ancient and circumscribing dogmas it gave tremendous impetus to science and invention, and thus to man's conquest and control of his physical environment. In breaking down racial and social barriers it gave sharp encouragement to commerce and business, and thus played its no small part in promoting the rise of nations to wealth and power. In its attitude of sheer defiance of many of the "nays" of Catholicism may perhaps be found the principal reason for its favoring some of the more radical proposals and attempts of the men of science to increase the measure man's comprehension and control of of the material world.

In any event, many of the taboos and restrictions which had precluded or impeded inquiry and investigation were in considerable measure vitiated; and, within the limitations of the times, men everywhere were encouraged to explore and chart the realm of human knowledge.

IF, THEN (as is so often proclaimed), it may be stated that Catholicism parented a culture, Protestantism unquestionably fathered a civilization. If the former furnished the inspiration and gave of its resources to encourage painting and music and sculpture and architecture; the latter released and set in vigorous motion the forces that ultimately provided us with steamships, railways, telegraphs and telephones, radios, airplanes, etc. If the "emotionalism" of Catholicism found its principal outlet beyond the ordinary, in art; the "intellectualism" aroused or unleashed by Protestantism manifested much of its vigor in the endeavor to apprehend those principles of practical truth, the application of which has enabled man to carry to a high degree his control — if not, always, his understanding — of the physical universe.

PROTESTANTISM, then, was always something more than a religion. It was always a potent instrumentality of physical progress. Note the rapid acquisition of wealth and power by those nations that embraced Protestantism; the corresponding degree of decline of those that adhered to Catholicism. And Protestantism was always something *less* than a religion. For religion has its seat in the emotions, and fundamentally Protestantism has always been an intellectual, not an emotional, thing. Its appeal has ever been to the head, not to the heart.

Emotionalism, stifling the intellectual processes, had forged chains for mankind. So argued Protestantism. Reason, it contended, the employment unhampered of the intellectual processes, would break these chains. Emotionalism had incarcerated truth. Intellectualism would raze the walls prisoning the mind; would liberate truth and place it, with reason, on a pedestal where all men might see, and, seeing, worship them. Not what is beautiful, but what is *reasonable;* that would be Protestantism's shibboleth.

Conquer it did under that sign. The triumph of modern democracy — exalting "progress", deifying materialistic equality — is the mark of its conquest. It is likewise the mark of its defeat. For, as has happened so often to conquerors, Protestantism made

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the conquest only to lose the power by which it conquered. Essentially a democratic enterprise, it was incapable (as contrasted to aristocratic institutions) of comprehending that power, to endure and to be made of effective and wise use, must be kept in the possession of a qualitative and therefore necessarily numerically restricted leadership.

ONCE given into the hands of the many, power is either dissipated by the absorption of mass inertia, or employed for such a variety of contrary purposes as to become totally ineffective; or, finding lodgment with charlatans, is engaged to promote unsalutary and frequently even base ends. Protestantism was unable to comprehend this; and within the last quarter of a century the power it generated has gotten more and more out of hand. Its proprietorship of the formulas and processes wherewith the pursuit of practical truth was encouraged, has been steadily dissipated. Its patents on these processes and formulas have expired, and they may now be (and are) used by anyone; and without paying royalties to the concern under whose influence they were developed and which once exclusively controlled them, and which now, in a kind of involuntary but unescapable atavism, fruitlessly endeavoring to regain their control, employs methods that partake of the same tyranny responsible for the break with Catholicism.

Thus Protestantism stands today shorn of its exclusive control of the formulas and processes of practical truth-seeking. The "rule of reason" which it fathered and championed, having long since escaped the parental roof, now returns only to assail and beleaguer. Intellectualism, the metal it uncovered, and out of which it fashioned its implements of conquest, now has been forged into weapons that are effectively turned against it. Science, which Protestantism nurtured, — directly or indirectly, — stands now on its own firm feet and, armed with steadily increasing power of its own, vigorously assails attempts of the Protestant establishment to regain its original control.

The emotional barrenness of Protestantism has already been alluded to. So long, however, as control was retained of the formulas of practical truth-seeking and the methods of progress and prosperity, this barrenness was little noticed and made small difference. But now that these have passed almost entirely into other hands, Protestantism's emotional emptiness is become a glaring thing.

THERE is abundant evidence of the wide effect of this. Thousands of Protestants, escaped from the spell cast by fear of hell fire, complain bitterly of the ugliness of the average Protestant church. Man is made of many needs, and one of these, it seems, is beauty. And so it may even be that such absurd and untoward movements as the Ku Klux Klan, revivified, are in part a revolt against the depressing ugliness of naked Protestantism. Indeed, it may even be that the wide response to the gaudy ceremonial and blatant mysteriousness of the Klan testifies to an unwitting but earnest effort to graft on the Protestant tree new branches whose leaves will in part conceal the unbeautiful trunk.

In discussing the causes that have contributed to Protestantism's decline,

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one must not overlook the influence of the Puritans. The early control of Protestantism, at least in America, came into the hands of the Puritans, who laid such emphasis on ethics that it came to be much less a religion than a system of ethics. The Puritans were largely incapable of anything like true religious feeling; and, accordingly, made sermonizing and rules of conduct — the latter rigorously enforced — paramount. The accounts that one reads of the Puritans' churches and of the ceremonies that went on inside them, give only the impression that the churches, themselves, were not unlike so many jails, and the services conducted inside them hardly more conducive to the inward beauty and serenity on which voluntary worship feeds, than a modern murder trail.

So permeating and tenacious was the influence of the Puritans upon Protestantism that the morality code which they fastened to it was accepted as one of its essentials wherever it was embraced; persisting frequently at the cost of true religion. This subordination of everything else to rules of conduct is unmistakably the original source whence derives the present attempt of Protestantism in America so to control the civil government that there may be forced upon every man a code of moral conduct which finds sanction neither in Christ nor the Bible, nor yet in the tenets of any true religion that ever existed. The enactment of the Prohibition law and the attempts, equally high-handed as futile, to enforce it, are at once proof positive that a code of moral conduct, obedience to which may only at best be exacted by penalties prescribed and administered by civil authority, is all that remains of Protestantism.

With all these causes operating to bring about its decline, there remains still another which has not been mentioned, but which is perhaps more interesting to consider — if not more powerful — than the others. I refer to the seeds of self-destruction which were within Protestantism when it emerged from the womb. For its fundamental principle of rationalization, that is to say, the right to doubt and the duty to reject all that could not be proved by reason, — bequeathed without condition to everyone as a method of righteous escape from Catholicism's requirement of unqualified and unfaltering faith, — has finally been carried to its logical and inevitable conclusion. Millions of men and women, nominally Protestant (i.e. neither Catholics nor Jews) now deny the reasonableness of the institution that taught the validity and righteousness of doubt; now reject as unsusceptible of rational proof, and therefore untrue, the very essence of the so-called "Protestant Faith". Protestantism has, then, to employ a phrase of a modern philosopher, finally run out its course and turned against itself. Beset by myriad adversaries, its final act is to run upon its own sword.

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Friends of the Governor

By Denis Tilden Lynch

Unlike the Republican leaders, Governor Smith's close associates are new and unknown quantities to the country at large. They are here intimately introduced by a veteran political reporter

In the winter of 1923–24 the gossip in New York's political circles was that Charles F. Murphy would retire from the leadership of Tammany Hall after the ensuing Democratic National Convention had met and adjourned *sine die*. He had grown gray in the service of the Hall. The Metropolis of the Western World was governed by a Mayor of his selection; the political destinies of the Empire State were being administered by a loyal son of Tammany, and there was but one thing left for him in political life; to see the man whom he had made Governor nominated by the Democrats of the nation for the highest office in the land. He had been working hard toward that end for two years, at first with little hope, but spurred on constantly by one of his district leaders, "Big Tom" Foley, who, unlike Murphy, never doubted the issue. In time Murphy was inspired by the never-questioning faith of Foley, and, as the winter waned, he worked harder than ever, looking wistfully to a peaceful retirement on his country estate on Long Island after the Convention had nominated — as Foley always said it would — Alfred E. Smith for President.

On the eve of the memorable convention in Madison Square Garden, Murphy was laid to rest. And most of the city mourned, and all of Smith's friends were filled with gloom, save one. This exception was Mrs. Belle Moskowitz. Meeting her shortly after, I talked with her of the departed Chief and her blue eyes stared into space as she said:

"It was the best thing that could happen for the Governor."

She thought of Murphy's end only in so far as it might affect the political fortunes of Governor Smith. She could not have thought in any other terms if she had tried, for since she had been engaged back in the fall of 1918 to organize the women's division in the first campaign of Smith for Governor, she had done nothing else. Murphy had been lieutenant of Croker, in turn a lieutenant of "Boss" Tweed and "Honest John" Kelly. The chain was complete and the connection was too close and damning. Then "Big Tom" Foley was called to

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his fathers and Mrs. Moskowitz breathed even a little more freely. To Mrs. Moskowitz, more than to any one else, Governor Smith owes his selection as his party's standard bearer, for her single-minded devotion, and her constant and untiring advocacy of his cause, in and out of season, paved the way for the action of the delegates at the Houston Convention.

MRS. MOSKOWITZ, although a paid employee in the Smith entourage, plays withal a most important rôle. She is the only woman on the Advisory Committee of the Democratic National Committee, which is actually managing Governor Smith's campaign. She is a dominating personality, and in appearance suggests the matron rather than the politician. In the last three or four years, she has added much weight; but makes up for retarded physical motion with a mental alertness that is the marvel of friend and foe alike. A day or two following the election of John J. Raskob, the then financial head of General Motors, as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, one of the veteran political writers of the Metropolitan press said to this unusual woman:

"It is you who should have been made National Chairman."

"Oh, no; I'm only the Director of Publicity," said Mrs. Moskowitz, blushing at the compliment and stroking back a stray strand of her bobbed hair.

"I mean it," persisted the reporter.

He did. And every other newspaperman in the room was of like opinion.

At the first newspaper interview with Chairman Raskob in his office in the General Motors headquarters, Mrs. Moskowitz came to his relief when some of the interrogations proved embarrassing. Mr. Raskob, who ordinarily speaks in short, choppy phrases, was stammering as Mrs. Moskowitz, seasoned in her association with the press, her voice a studied monotone, made it easier for this tyro in politics.

What happened the following day when Mrs. Moskowitz received the same group of newspapermen in her private office, reveals, in part, how she has helped Governor Smith in the last ten years in a little known yet highly effective way. Two of the reporters had written the interview with Mr. Raskob rather fully. Said one of these:

"Mrs. Moskowitz, what can you tell us today?"

A smile lit up her face, and in a voice rich and merry, she replied:

"I wouldn't tell *you* anything if I knew."

NO ACT on a vaudeville stage was ever received with more merriment, and no one laughed more heartily than Mrs. Moskowitz. And presently, with mock show, she thanked the reporters who had made only fleeting references to the Raskob interview. Although there was an elaborate make-believe about it all, there was a note of stern disapproval sounded throughout. The Governor's friends are her friends; his enemies her foes.

Mrs. Moskowitz has been of incalculable value in winning the support of anti-Tammany papers. Editorials in these dailies sounding the praises of the Governor between campaigns are largely due to her missionary work. And she boasts that her word is all-powerful with certain editors.

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One day last winter there appeared a story wherein Mrs. Moskowitz was mentioned in a way that did not please her. Let us call the paper *The Clarion*.

"Who framed me up in *The Clarion* this morning?" asked Mrs. Moskowitz of three political reporters who were talking with her.

There was no secret as to the authorship of the story, so one of the three — all were friends of the writer of the article which displeased Mrs. Moskowitz — volunteered the name, which I will mask with "Eddie Jones".

"Well, 'Eddie Jones' had better remember that I got to him when he was in Albany," said Mrs. Moskowitz.

"Eddie Jones" had been removed from the field of politics by a sometime managing editor of his paper, and it was common talk in Metropolitan newspaper circles that stories he had written from Albany, all true and amply documented, had displeased Governor Smith, and that Tammany influences had effected his demotion.

Like all who have been intimately associated with Governor Smith since his rise from comparative political obscurity, Mrs. Moskowitz is essentially an urbanite. She is a little younger than her husband, who has written two biographies of Governor Smith. The first appeared five years ago, and was designed to aid the Governor in the 1924 Convention. The second, of recent publication, was done in collaboration with Norman Hapgood. Dr. Moskowitz — he is a Ph. D. of the University of Erlangen, hence the title — was born forty-eight years ago in Rumania, and is as ardent as his wife in championing the cause of Governor Smith.

Mrs. Moskowitz has been married twice. She was born Lindner. Her parents were Jewish emigrants from Poland, and her father, a watchmaker, struggled to give her an education. Soon she was doing tireless settlement work in New York's East Side. In 1903 she married Charles Henry Israels; following his death she was left practically penniless and returned to settlement work. Her labors were largely for girls, saving them from the vicious dance halls which flourished on the East Side under Tammany patronage.

In this laudable crusade she had the support of the newspapers, and thus came to know their representatives. All the settlement house workers lent her their support. One of her most untiring aides was Dr. Henry Moskowitz, then headworker of the Madison Street House, which was supported by the Ethical Culture Society. During the legislative session of 1911, Surrogate James A. Foley, then a member of the Assembly from Boss Murphy's district, introduced a bill making refusals to issue licenses for dance halls reviewable by *certiorari*. Up to Albany sped the protesting settlement house workers, among them Dr. Moskowitz, who denounced the proposed law.

"This is one of the most astounding measures I have ever seen affecting the social conditions in New York City," said Dr. Moskowitz. "Its passage would prevent effective enforcement of the dance hall act. Under the dance hall law some of the most notorious resorts have been refused licenses. The bill would permit appeals

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to be made to the courts for a technical review of the action of the city official in refusing to permit improper dancing and the sale of liquor in such places."

THE following year, Mrs. Moskowitz — then Mrs. Israels — and Dr. Moskowitz turned politicians. Mrs. Israels made a seconding speech at the Progressive Convention in Syracuse when Oscar Straus was nominated for Governor of New York State, and Dr. Moskowitz made an unsuccessful race for Congress in the East Side district under the emblem of the Bull Moose in the first year of the Republican scissure.

Both proved apt learners in the ancient science, for when the anti-Tammany forces met in the year 1913 to name Charles S. Whitman (later Governor) for Mayor, they found that Dr. Moskowitz had upset their plans and won enough of his East Side friends to nominate John Purroy Mitchel by the bare majority of two votes. Even veteran Tammany manipulators sat up and took notice of this new figure in local politics. Whitman's friends vowed vengeance, but they forgot it in another twelve months when the Republicans nominated for Governor New York's fighting District Attorney, who had sent Tammany police inspectors to prison for grafting, and Lieutenant Becker and his four East Side gunmen to the electric chair for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler. And Mayor Mitchel rewarded Dr. Moskowitz with the Chairmanship of the New York Civil Service Commission. That November — 1914 — Mrs. Israels and Dr. Moskowitz were married and their joint political career, and their transition from the ranks of the most rabid anti-Tammanyites into the most zealous supporters of Fourteenth Street, can only be briefly sketched here.

This transition is all the more astonishing because of the background of this couple who devoted the full flush of their youth to fighting all for which Tammany stood. This is particularly true of Dr. Moskowitz, who made a second try for Congress on the Bull Moose ticket in 1914, and later aided Meyer London, Socialist nominee for Congress, who carried the East Side against Tammany. Bitter were Moskowitz's tirades against Tammany then, but no more so than his attacks on the War during the early part of the world strife. Then he proudly voiced his belief in two of the cardinal doctrines of Karl Marx, Pacifism and Internationalism.

ON MARCH 16, 1915, the Pacifists held a meeting in the Quaker Meeting House in Rutherford Place. *The New York Times* in its issue of the following day described the meeting as anti-militaristic and gave the lion's share of the account to Dr. Moskowitz's speech. Histories, said Dr. Moskowitz, according to *The Times* report, should be rewritten "without glorification of soldiers or wars", and he formally proclaimed himself a Pacifist — a somewhat needless avowal in view of his speech.

Dr. Moskowitz was not long at the head of the city's Civil Service Commission before he was accused of breaking down the merit system. This charge was freely made, and the head of the State Civil Service Commission, Dr. Meyer Wolf, a Democrat, who conducted an investigation, said:

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"I have official evidence of numerous instances in which Dr. Moskowitz has shown a flagrant disregard for the principles of Civil Service. The most glaring is the recent appointment, through the connivance of Commissioner Kingsbury, of forty-seven investigators at salaries ranging from $1,200 to $2,500 a year."

And the State Civil Service head added that Commissioners Moskowitz and Kingsbury had little to learn from either Tammany Hall or the Barnes machine, as the Republican State organization was called. Another who assailed Dr. Moskowitz was Henry Sibley Elgot, Editor of *The Civil Service Magazine*. He soon found that all avenues of news in the Commission were closed to him and his magazine, and publicly accused Dr. Moskowitz of this particular piece of press censorship. Dr. Moskowitz, who defied his critics, continued as head of the Municipal Civil Service Commission until the last few months of the Mitchel administration, when he was made Commissioner of Markets.

When this country entered the war, Mrs. Moskowitz was named head of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense; while, after Tammany's triumph over Mitchel in 1917, Dr. Moskowitz found a good job as personnel manager for the Submarine Boat Corporation, a rather hard bed for an avowed Pacifist.

IN 1918, Smith was nominated for Governor. Abram I. Elkus, who was counsel for many years to "Big Tom" Foley, the Tammany leader, surnamed Smith's political godfather because he introduced the Governor into public life and — but let me quote from the special article on Mrs. Moskowitz in *The Sunday World* of July 15, 1923, written by Charles S. Hand, one of the best informed political writers of the day, who was recently made secretary to Mayor James J. Walker:

> Ex-Judge Elkus was steering Governor Smith's political craft in the campaign of 1918 when Mr. Smith was candidate against ex-Governor Whitman. Justice Proskauer, who was the Judge's law partner, urged that Mrs. Moskowitz be selected to organize the women voters for Mr. Smith. Mrs. Moskowitz's appointment as Chairman of the Women's Division of the Citizen's Committee for Governor Alfred E. Smith followed.

Although Mr. Elkus was nominally chairman of the Smith campaign committee in 1918, Proskauer was the actual head, as he has been in all of Governor Smith's political ventures since.

JUSTICE PROSKAUER had been known as a reformer up to this campaign. He was active in the City Club — which in the language of one of its trustees was quickly transformed into a Tammany annex after Smith's election as Governor — and in the Citizens' Union. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the latter non-partisan organization and with the help of Clarence M. Lewis, another of his law partners, also on the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union, did yeoman service in behalf of Governor Smith in this anti-Tammany organization.

From the moment when Justice Proskauer launched Mrs. Moskowitz into the roiled waters of Tammany politics she has constantly been in the employ of the Governor or his party with the exception of the two years he was out of the Governor's chair, 1921 and 1922. After his defeat in 1920 by

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Nathan L. Miller, he found her a job with the New York Port Authority. In 1922 she was back in the Smith campaign again, this time as publicity director. And here I will again quote from the Hand article in *The World:*

> The newspaper correspondents at Albany [Hand was then Albany correspondent for *The World*] have long been aware that before arriving at a decision on questions of prime importance, Governor Smith has almost invariably taken counsel of Mrs. Moskowitz. But a sense of delicacy prevailed against frequent use of Mrs. Moskowitz's name in dispatches from the capital. Hence the public has no adequate conception of the important part Mrs. Moskowitz has played in heightening Governor Smith's political stature to the altitude of Presidential proportions. . . He has consulted with her about appointments, big and small; action upon bills sent by the Legislature, messages, proclamations, public addresses and all manner of political matters.

And every political writer in New York State agreed with all that Hand wrote of Mrs. Moskowitz's relations to the man that Tammany was grooming for the Presidency.

AN EQUALLY prominent part, yet in another direction, has been played by Joseph M. Proskauer in the development of Governor Smith into a national figure. He is utterly unlike the Moskowitzes in manner and appearance. He is tall, while they are both below medium size. Mrs. Moskowitz is assertive and always appears at ease. Her husband seems shy and retiring. Proskauer—if memory serves me aright—wears the Phi Beta Kappa key. He looks the scholar and patronizes one of the best tailors in town. He and his wife are opera-goers — I am trusting to memory again — and have seats for the Friday night performances at the Metropolitan. He has deep brown eyes, an olive skin tanned on the golf course, black hair streaked with gray, and a close-cropped moustache. There is a mastery in his gait, his look, and his voice, and his speech bears the soft impress of his native Mobile.

HE WAS twenty-three years of age when he graduated from the Columbia University Law School in 1899. He joined the law firm of Schell and Elkus, later reorganized as Elkus, Gleason and Proskauer. After Smith's election as Governor in 1918, he saw his partner, Abram Elkus, who had been counsel for years to Tammany's "Big Tom" Foley, appointed to a vacancy on the highest court of the State — the Court of Appeals. And in 1923, some months after he had directed Governor Smith's 1922 campaign to a successful close, Joseph Proskauer himself was appointed to a judicial vacancy. And Governor Smith made the gift a fourteen year term at the next election by giving Justice Proskauer the Tammany nomination for the Supreme Court bench.

In 1924, for the first time in the history of the bench of New York since the days of Tweed, a member of the Supreme Court of the State of New York took an active part in a partisan campaign. And if the ermine against a background of gray smoke in a partisan conclave is the symbol of the "New Tammany", Justice Proskauer is its inventor. In every campaign since then Justice Proskauer has occupied a room in the Smith headquarters, directing the forces of Tammany, and generally advising the Governor.

We now come to Surrogate James A. Foley, whom we have previously met as a member of the Assembly

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in 1911 when the Moskowitzes were denouncing his dance hall legislation. Now all three are working for Tammany Hall, proving, if proof were needed, that there is truth in the old saying: politics makes strange bedfellows. Like Proskauer, Surrogate Foley is scholarly in attainments and appearance. He is tall, dark visaged, and a master of English. He too was a member of the Smith Board of Strategy and attended the Houston Convention.

After six years in the Assembly, Foley was elected in 1912 to the State Senate. Here he served until 1919 when Murphy, Tammany leader, whose step-daughter he married in his last year as Senator, nominated him for the vacancy in the Surrogates' Court. In the same session in which he introduced the dance hall measure which roused the wrath of the settlement workers, Foley was Chairman of the Assembly Committee on Affairs of Cities, and he was one of the drafters of the "ripper" charter for the City of New York which Tammany wanted but which the Democratic Governor, John A. Dix, opposed. Dix, who would not take orders from the Tammany Boss, was denied a renomination by Mr. Murphy, a favorite device of Murphy and his predecessors in stifling independence of elective officials. On September 15, 1911, this letter was published in the newspapers:

September 13, 1911.

Hon. James A. Foley,
Assembly Chamber,
Albany, N. Y.
Sir:

It has come to our attention that you are counsel for the Interborough Contractors' Association, which publicly announces that the proposed new charter contains changes from the existing law of material benefit to contractors. You have at the same time been acting as chairman of the Assembly Committee on Affairs of Cities, and have taken the lead in framing and advocating the very charter which your clients, the contractors, appear to desire so strongly.

You cannot serve two masters; you cannot effectively guard the rights of the people while being employed by such private interests. We think you ought to resign from the committee, and we are making this letter public in order that the people may know how they have been served by their representatives in preparation of the proposed charter.

WILLIAM JAY SCHIEFFELIN
Chairman (of the Citizens' Union)

FOLEY denied that he had drawn up the provisions of the proposed charter affecting his clients. Answering the suggestion of the head of the Citizens' Union that he resign, he observed that it was "almost as humorous as their soliciting contributions from the public to defeat the charter instead of helping the committee in its work." Then he added: "It's unfortunate to have to earn one's living, that's all."

Surrogate Foley occupies a position unique in the history of Tammany. After the death of Boss Murphy, Governor Smith had him elected leader of the Wigwam. On May 15, 1924, the day following his election, Foley amazed the Tammany district leaders when he sent them a letter in which he said: "With deep regret I decline the election as leader of Tammany Hall." He gave ill health as the reason for his unprecedented action. Governor Smith turned again to the bench and selected Judge George W. Olvany, of the Court of General Sessions, to succeed Murphy who, after twenty-two years as leader, and without any other employment — a Tammany leader receives no salary —

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left an estate in excess of two million dollars. More than $100,000 of this was willed outright to the wife of Surrogate Foley. And Olvany gave up a $17,500 job to take the headship of Tammany for the honor inherent therein. Before going on the bench he had been a Tammany district leader. His law practice is very extensive.

ANOTHER in the Smith inner circle whose friendship with the Governor began when both were young men in the Assembly is James J. Hoey. Like Foley he was born in New York City, but his youth was spent on the plains and in the Black Hills, where his father was employed in building railroads. In size, carriage and manner, Hoey is essentially a Westerner. We were talking together in the old Madison Square Garden, during a session of the 1924 Convention. "I'm in politics," said Hoey, "just to help my friends." That must stand unchallenged, for he is perhaps the only man, high in the councils of Tammany Hall, who does not profit from his political connections. He is head of a general insurance agency, which is said to be the largest in the country. He has just turned fifty and looks fifteen years younger. This is partly due to his early life when he punched cattle.

It was not until he was twenty, on the return of his family to New York, that he had any systematic schooling. Then, while working by day, he attended night school for six years and later studied law. As a member of the Assembly, Hoey was a typical Tammany man on party measures, but he had his own private legislation. This consisted of bills for gymnasiums in the public schools, for vocational schools and other legislation to better the lot of the city boy and girl. This forward-looking legislation died — New York State was not quite ready for these reforms. But Hoey has lived to see his efforts enacted into law. In this humane legislation we have the measure of the real "Jim" Hoey. A comparatively large part of his time and a generous part of his income (which counts less in the matter of values) are given to helping the children of the poor. He is head and guiding spirit of the Boys Club Federation, a national non-sectarian organization, and is active in other philanthropic endeavors. The thought will not down, as I write, that there are far too few Hoeys in the machine politics of our big cities.

NO BIG Tammany show would be complete without a rich contractor. He is as necessary as a ringmaster is to a circus. So permit me to present William F. Kenny, who made $30,000,000 in contracts from the public utility companies of New York City, and is owner of the biggest and most expensive private car on American railroads, the St. Nicholas, called by politicians the Santa Claus, and used by Governor Smith on his travels. The name of Kenny first became familiar to newspaper readers outside New York when the middle-aged contractor testified before the Senate Campaign Fund Committee this year. George R. Van Namee, of the Public Service Commission, had preceded Kenny on the witness stand and swore that he and Gilchrist had obtained a $20,000 contribution to Smith's pre-convention fund and a loan of $50,000 from Kenny which was unsecured. Kenny took the stand and

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said the entire $70,000 was a gift "out of love and affection for Governor Smith, and a lifelong friendship." And he told the inquisitors that he was ready to give his shirt to advance the political fortunes of his old friend.

THE story of William F. Kenny is like a Horatio Alger romance. He was born in New York's East Side. At thirteen he was driving an ash cart for the Edison Company. After a few years of this he went West, working in a slaughter house in Wyoming. Deciding that the West was not his field, he returned to New York with a bride and less than five dollars in his pocket. He returned to his old job for the Edison. Kenny's father was a Battalion Chief of the New York Fire Department. There was a bad blaze in one of the Edison plants and Chief Kenny did work that made the late Nicholas F. Brady, who controlled the New York Edison, deeply grateful. He sought out Chief Kenny.

"What can I do for you?" asked Brady.

"Nothing, thanks," said Chief Kenny, "but if you want to give my son a chance, I'd appreciate it."

Young Kenny did not have to wait long for his first contract.

No eastern potentate has entertained more extravagantly than has Kenny in his "Tiger Room", that now famous apartment on the top of a big office building on the southwest corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. At one end of the room is a stage, where one evening recently, for a bare handful of guests, Kenny had the entire cast of a Broadway girl show perform. The Tammany emblem is worked into the decoration of the room, in carving, in oils, and in bronze — hence the name.

Kenny's residence is a triplex apartment on Fifth Avenue facing Central Park. He was one of those who, in the language of Wall Street, got in on the ground floor with Raskob in General Motors and the Radio Corporation, and a friendly sketch of Kenny credits him with having bought outright huge blocks of these stocks, estimated this past summer to have a market value of more than a hundred million dollars. In addition, Kenny owns acres of land in The Bronx which he bought when it was under cultivation, and holds title to twenty-five large apartment houses and six office buildings. From which the reader may appraise for himself the value of Kenny's shirt, which he has so generously offered to help his old friend Governor Smith.

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Movies and Talkies

By Monta Bell

Now that the screen has found its voice, what will it have to say? A noted director, pioneering for Paramount in the production of sound pictures, sifts out the common sense of the current film sensation

Colonel Charles Lindbergh's take-off for Paris was flashed on the screen of the Roxy Theatre in New York on the night of June 25, 1927. From the showing of that news reel there dates as astonishing an upheaval in the motion picture industry as was caused in American aviation by the event which it pictured.

A sudden whirring sound had swept through the Roxy auditorium that June evening, and then, to one of the most frenzied acclamations in theatre history, the actual sounds of the flight's start were reproduced.

The roaring of the airplane motor, the shouts of goodbye, and the gasping of the crowd when the plane seemed destined to crash before leaving the ground — the final cheer of relief when the young birdman began to rise — were all reproduced with startling reality.

The roar of Lindbergh's engine still echoes in Hollywood today — more loudly than ever. Millions are being spent for new equipment; producers, writers, actors, directors, are in a ferment of uncertainty; and from coast to coast the question is being debated whether a medium of entertainment that draws daily audiences of fourteen million persons is to be thrown into a veritable hurlyburly of inartistic experiment with noise and speech — at the very time when the silent cinema art is reaching notable heights of beauty and power as pantomime only.

All this because six thousand theatre patrons went wild when they heard the incidental clamor of Lindbergh's take-off!

Of course, subsequent events rapidly conspired to accelerate the current stampede to talking movies. Barely a year ago as this is published, Warner Brothers released for the first time a picture called *The Jazz Singer*, with Al Jolson in the leading rôle. It was announced that Jolson would sing several of his best known numbers, and that his voice actually would be heard speaking lines from the screen. The picture was instantly a success. A "wow," they called it, rightly, for few pictures in the history of the industry have been the box

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office sensations that *The Jazz Singer* was, and still is.

With a gasp, producers everywhere sat up and took notice. "What's going on here?" they asked themselves in alarm. Whatever it was, they decided, the time had come to get on board the bandwagon and to ride with the crowd. As one, they joined in the race for sound. Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*, and Colonel Lindbergh in the Movietone news reel, had done more for the popular development of talking pictures than had been accomplished in fifteen previous years of painstaking experiment.

SINCE that time, the industry has rushed head over heels into the sound picture. New devices began almost instantly to appear on the market. Intensified selling campaigns were launched in the exhibitor fields in order that there might be a market for the synchronized product. Studios equipped themselves with special stages for producing sound. Synchronizing companies worked day and night to meet the demand for music and effects. Legitimate stage actors began to think of the patronizing, and slightly caustic, remarks they would make to the youthful stars of Hollywood who, of course, would be needed no longer now that speech was required of them. Dreams of new wealth drifted up before the disappointed old timers, who had looked enviously and with disapproval at the movie sheiks and queens with their Rolls Royces, and who now, for the first time, saw visions of themselves enjoying the same opulence.

Hollywood palpitated with excitement. Proud stars, it was said, who took orders from no one, were meekly submitting to voice tests. Eighteen thousand extras began filing information with the Central Casting Office as to their experience in speaking lines. And the first complete talking picture with dialogue came along amid press agent didoes. One company after another announced that it had acquired rights to sound devices. Even the comedies were to be produced with sound, that we might hear, as well as see, a pie spatter a comic's face. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences began an intensive study of the situation. Difficulties of foreign distribution arose and cast weird shadows before the producers' eyes. Broadway heard that every legitimate actor was being flooded with contracts and that Hollywood was going to move to Manhattan. It was sound, sound, sound.

DIFFERENCES of opinion arose at once as to the future of "talkies," as the dialogue films came instantly to be known in picture circles. One producer sailing for Europe on Monday would give out a statement that in five years there would be no more silent screen. The next day another producer, sailing for Europe, would warn the industry that the picture was still the important piece of entertainment and that sound would have to be subordinate. A third producer, sailing for Europe on Wednesday, would predict a complete new order in motion picture production — new scenario writing, new acting, new direction, new effects which would double the attendance. The results of thirty-two years' endeavor were to crash before this new startling device. Everybody predicted something, and nearly everybody predicted something different.

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Never in the history of the industry was there, or is there, such divergence of opinion, or such feverish activity.

Production costs would be lowered, one producer declared. Production costs would be doubled, said another. The foreign market would be killed off, a third predicted; the foreign market would not be affected, protested a fourth. We were told that talking pictures would soon deal a death blow to legitimate drama, which had long since suffered so disastrously from movie competition. We were told, on the other hand, that the speaking shadows of the screen would revive public interest in dialogue and take people back to the flesh and blood drama of the stage. We were even told that Broadway productions would be photographed and synchronized and sent out to compete with the products of Hollywood — a fantastic scheme ignoring essential differences in technique between film entertainment and the speaking stage.

Indeed, everybody began to think in diverse terms of talking pictures; and not only to think but to act. Every important producing company today is seriously engaged in making talking pictures. The latest survey shows that in the 1928–29 product there will be 225 feature pictures with synchronization, and 1,012 short subjects with sound. Seven hundred and ninety-nine theatres are already equipped for sound and the number is being added to daily — hourly. Undoubtedly, talking films will rejuvenate the public interest and add vitality to the industry. The furor over sound is, for the time being at least, certain to bring new patrons to the motion picture theatres. But what of the future? What place has sound in our scheme of silent things? What are the problems to be faced? Where are we going? How soon will sound find its true level?

As I see it, the picture itself — silent action in a silent medium — is still the foundation of screen entertainment. Sound is simply an accessory. I do not look and hope for continuous dialogue in pictures, but simply for added dramatic effectiveness through sound effects. The soughing of the winds, the ceaseless murmur of waves, the barking of dogs, the crashing of thunder, the roaring of cannons, the sound of an elevated railway outside a window, are important and highly desirable. Add to these, effective dialogue in dramatic moments, and the usefulness of sound reaches its peak. The picture remains. Action continues to be paramount in importance. Quality in the picture itself continues to be the dominant object of the producer. Sound becomes important but remains subordinate.

There is no getting away from the fact that that which the eye sees is the chief attraction of the screen. After about fifty feet of a "picturized" overture I begin to get restless. My eyes get tired of the same figures scraping the same violin bows. No matter how good the music is, the pictures of an orchestral work become monotonous.

Good directors will avoid this monotony by making the screen continuously interesting. If a Beethoven Symphony is being played, the picture may be telling Beethoven's story or revealing what he had in mind when he composed the music. Then the eye is entertained while the ear is being

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satisfied, and the combination is highly pleasing.

Realization of this fact will lead to the use of many new and interesting camera angles. While a ballet is being played, for instance, the camera can be dodging about, catching a glimpse of dancers, of bounding legs, of billowing skirts. There will be scenes from behind, from above, from various angles — the idea being always to keep the eye pleased while the ear is being delighted.

To be specific, let us suppose that Miss Gertrude Lawrence is singing a song. Just to see Miss Lawrence singing becomes, after a while, wearisome to the eye if not to the ear. Not that Miss Lawrence is not attractive or that her singing is wearisome. But we have been so trained for action that involuntarily we weary of one set figure. If, instead of showing her standing in front of a camera singing for ten minutes, the camera should steal away, give us a glimpse of the chorus behind her, flit here and there, while her voice is coming from the screen, only to conclude with Miss Lawrence in some of her captivating expressions, then you would have something to hold the attention.

JUST now we hear loud percussions on Broadway to the effect that the legitimate actor is going to overthrow the movie stars of today. Frank Gillmore, secretary and treasurer of the Actors' Equity, who does not question the success of talking films, and who thinks audiences will never again be satisfied with silent drama, argues that the industry must turn to the stage for material. "Since dialogue means acting, not the mere memorizing of words," he says, "the best actors will be sought after. Actors whose training and natural aptitude make it possible for them to step into parts and act them without being given detailed description."

WHILE unquestionably there will be, for a time, a certain stimulated demand for actors with ability to speak dramatic lines, I do not believe that the public is going to throw over Clara Bow, Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, Jack Gilbert, and Charlie Farrell, nor any other of the motion picture stars who have arresting personalities. Nor do I think that the public is going to throw over Emil Jannings, and Pola Negri, and Greta Garbo, and Ramon Novarro, because they have accents. These people have something the public demands; and whether they can speak or not, makes very little difference after all. The thought that all the stars who have not had stage experience are going to be discarded and forgotten is in my opinion ridiculous.

The public has always been drawn to motion pictures by the personalities of the stars, and there is no reason, I believe, to think that this will ever cease to be the case. The first and greatest test of motion picture work is personality, and that is going to remain the first and greatest test. Besides, in making talking pictures we are not simply going to put stage plays on the screen. If we do that, we are committing folly, for stage plays do not lend themselves directly to screening.

Nor is our scenario writer to be discarded. He will still write scenarios, and where there is a need of titles, the titles can be spoken. Just as the best pictures are those which have the

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fewest titles, the best talking pictures will be those with the least talk. It is always preferable to advance an idea by what we call "a piece of business" than by words whether spoken or written.

AS A MATTER of fact, how many players on the stage today are known for their voices? Do we demand perfect diction of our actors? Even in England there is no such high regard for diction as ordinarily we suppose. Rather, is it not true that we care more for types? In motion pictures especially, types are utilized and desirable for the very reason that the screen is now, and always has been, more realistic than the stage and is more concerned with natural human relations. The stage does not even approach the screen in reality. And besides, why should anyone think that the motion picture actors and actresses, simply because they got started in a different dramatic medium, cannot speak for the screen? They have average voices. And that is what we need. There is no necessity for shouting in front of a sound recording device. The slightest whisper can be recorded and amplified to reach every corner of a theatre.

Many stage voices, it seems to me, are undesirable for the screen. Put an actor on a stage and he at once begins declaiming. Tradition has it that this line should be spoken thus and so. Hamlet's musings on suicide must be read this way because someone else once declaimed them this way. Any other interpretation is shocking, almost blasphemous. Because the screen has tried to be natural, it has escaped much of the artificiality of the stage, and it is hoped it will continue to do so.

What is more, a substantial majority of the best known motion picture actors today have had some stage experience. One of the biggest studios in Hollywood, with probably the largest stock company, reports that at least sixty-five per cent. of its actors had legitimate dramatic experience previous to entering the motion picture. A recent survey revealed that of 143 featured players in six studios in Hollywood, eighty-five — or sixty per cent. — have had stage experience.

I think it is a slight exaggeration, therefore, to say that every legitimate actor on Broadway is being importuned to appear in pictures and that the favorites of the screen are doomed. Many of the legitimate actors will tell you of the number of offers they have had, but many of the offers are imaginary. The industry is not going to engage a great number of persons without having definite need of them. When we have a picture which requires certain types and certain actors, we will go out and get those actors just as the stage producer does when he has a play calling for a definite number of performers. Most of the actors and actresses who would succeed in pictures are already in pictures. The others have been tried and discarded.

ONE of the drawbacks to the continuous dialogue film is that, to be successful, the dialogue must be spoken in a "close-up." If two figures on opposite sides of a room are talking, the voice of each comes apparently from the center of the screen. This may have an advantage in foreign prints, for it might be possible to have lines spoken in a foreign language

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where the movement of lips is not closely shown; but for home consumption the effect is not so reassuring. Otherwise the talking film will have no demand abroad.

Sound effects, on the other hand, can be understood anywhere, just as music can be understood anywhere. The future, therefore, of sound effects and of synchronized music is assured.

To the director, the most interesting possibility of the talking, or synchronized, picture is that of presenting a complex situation, such as that of hearing the voice of one actor and of seeing the face of another. The reaction of the person addressed is frequently of more importance than the person speaking.

Take this one very simple illustration. A man goes to the telephone and picks up the receiver. A voice on the other end says, "I'm sorry, but your wife and child have just been killed." We hear the voice without seeing the speaker. What we do see is the husband to whom this tragic news has been brought. That, to the director, would be something worth while. It has real dramatic interest. You can feel the grip of it; and out of this simple little illustration may come a thousand variations.

ONE thing that the industry will find out for itself is that talking pictures will raise the cost of production. Some of the best informed technicians estimate that introduction of sound will raise the production costs of feature pictures by as much as half a million dollars. On the face of it, this statement would appear misleading. Certainly many scenes now taken by the director in an effort at the "right one" will be eliminated, true enough, but where we gain in footage of film, we lose in rehearsals. In the past we have engaged stars, paid them well, and used them for a few days, after which we were through with them. Now we shall have to spend days and weeks rehearsing, just as the Broadway legitimate producer rehearses his cast, and we shall have to pay for those rehearsals. With dialogue and sound made to fit, there will be no such thing as cutting a picture after a film is completed.

THERE are now in operation two totally different methods of reproducing sound — the disc method, and the sound-on-the-film method. The Vitaphone, simpler and first of the methods, is based on synchronized recording of film and sound. For this purpose a single motor is used for the camera and the turntable on which is the phonograph disc. The speed of both instruments is synchronized, the sound being relayed through a microphone as the film is taken. In showing the picture, the process is simply reversed, the projection machine and the turntable being synchronized so that, as the film unreels, the phonograph disc keeps time on the revolving turntable. An amplifier measures the volume of sound.

The Movietone process is more complicated. Sound vibrations, synchronized with the camera's photography, are transformed through a microphone into electric vibrations. The electric vibrations agitate a light contained in a tube and directed at the edge of the raw, or unexposed, film. These subtle flickers produced in the tube light imprint themselves down the edge of the film in the "sound track". By reversing the process, and

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making use of an amplifier instead of a microphone, and a projection machine instead of a camera, the electrical vibrations are turned back into sound.

IT IS too early to say which is the better method. Both will have a trial, and performance will raise the hand of the victor. Improvements, of course, will be made, for technical experts are at work on every mechanical problem connected with the instruments.

In directing pictures, I have never leaned toward rehearsals. I always take the actors into my confidence, discuss with them the action which we are to "shoot," give them my interpretation of its meaning, and try to explain what I think is the spirit of the story. If there are any suggestions, I am glad to have them. I have always felt that actors, whom I choose for rôles in my pictures, are sufficiently equipped to play their parts without too much direction. In other words, if there are seven actors on a set, I want them to be seven individuals — and not seven Monta Bells.

I am not yet sure what effect directing "sound" pictures will have on this theory. The studio for the talking picture is totally unlike the motion picture studio. There can be no sunshine; no open air. The studio, rather, is like a padded cell on a large scale, enclosed and sealed to keep out all other sound. Even the electric lights are especially built to do away with reflections of sound. There must be no noise, no sound other than that of the human voice speaking the lines accorded to the scene.

Before calling for the camera and sound, the director may rehearse the scene as often as he wishes; but when all is arranged, he may only wave his hand and the action begins. A wave of the hand stops the scene. There have been no hurried calls, no spoken directions.

TALKING and synchronized pictures today are where motion pictures were fifteen years ago. So far they have had a tendency to drag the motion picture backward. The inevitable result of the present excitement in motion picture circles will be that producers will, in all probability, rush out and make a number of bad sound pictures during the next two years. There will be too many titles, and the result will be discordant entertainment. Then the reaction will come. Sound will find its level. Good taste and economy will again triumph. The talking picture will take its normal place and serve its useful purpose.

That purpose will be a mighty one and will include gorgeous climax effects, lifting the pictures out of the ordinary and giving them new life, new meaning. Inevitably out of the present friction in the industry there will spring a rejuvenated art of the screen.

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The Madonna of Rumania

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

Rumanian royalty has long peculiarly fascinated America. There was Carmen Sylva, then Queen Marie, and now the lately divorced Princess Helen, whose tragic life is here sketched by a clever young Princess soon to visit the United States

It has so happened that the most retiring and gentle Princess in the world has been recently of all royalties the most frequently mentioned in the papers, and this not due to an action of her own but to that of others.

For most readers her name calls up that feeling of indifferent pity that the forsaken receive from public opinion. The prejudice against a woman who has not been the strongest in the battle of life shadows her image. She is in fact an abandoned wife.

Those who have not seen her can not easily imagine the spell cast by the charming personality of Helen of Greece, Princess of Rumania.

Beauty is not always accompanied by charm, and often one sees charm making up for the absence of beauty. All those who happen to know the daughter of King Constantine and Queen Sophia will admit that the combination of charm and beauty does exist. Her dimples relieve and soften the classic regularity of her features and give them a touch of childishness which is irresistible. Her tall figure, magnificent shoulders, her great dignity of manner, added to the fact that she is a King's daughter and the mother of a King, might impress the observer to the extent of overwhelming him, if it were not for her smile, which reassures and warms the heart of everyone who approaches her. This smile of Helen of Greece I have only seen on the faces of the young goddesses of the Acropolis in Athens, her birthplace.

The ancient artist who carved those statues gave to Pallas Athene, Divine Wisdom, the appearance of a smiling girl. Princess Helen has shown her wisdom in the struggle against fate and there is heroism in her gentle smile. The story of her life, short as it is in years, is a record of tragedies, and only through the balance of an exceptional character has she been able to maintain the brightness of her nature.

In her early girlhood she saw her father, King Constantine, mount the throne after the violent death of her grandfather, King George I, who was

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assassinated in the streets of Salonika. Not unnaturally, she trembled ever after for her father's safety, in peace and war. During her childhood Greece was a theatre of strife, divided by internal troubles and three times at war with Turkey. After the World War, the struggle was renewed.

Between these wars there were revolutions. Repeatedly her family had to leave Athens as exiles. The first time her father was banished as Crown Prince, the second and the third time as King; and on the fourth occasion when Queen Sophia tried to bring his body back to Greece for burial, his corpse was rejected by his adopted country.

Who can know better the inconstancy of people and politics than Princess Helen, who saw her father, to whom she was passionately attached, banished like a malefactor, cheered like a hero, again dismissed, again recalled, praised, calumniated, then entering his capital as a victor, again banished, and finally refused a sepulchre?

Whoever enters Princess Helen's sitting-room in Bucharest is struck at first sight by the dominating picture of her father. He is the worshipped, she the worshipper.

TO THE misfortunes of her family we must add the strange and dramatic death of her young brother Alexander, who was made King by the Allies and remained in Athens under the protection of their guns. While he was amusing himself in the Royal Gardens with a couple of monkeys, one of them in a sudden fit of rage inflicted upon him a bite which proved fatal a few days after.

All those domestic bereavements happened in a most united family, and to them were added political and national disasters affecting all Princess Helen's nearest relatives. Her father, of the Danish house of Glücksburg, lost the throne of Greece; her mother, a Hohenzollern, has seen her all-powerful brother, William II, flee as a refugee to Holland, abandoning the throne of Germany; the Czar Nicolas II, head of the family of her grandmother, Queen Olga, born a Romanoff, was murdered in Tobolsk with his wife and children — the latter her own cousins and young girls like herself.

WHAT a preparation this, for all that was to happen to her later! How can one wonder at an answer she once gave to some of us, while taking part in the favorite amusement of the Rumanian royal family when in intimacy, a pencil game of questions and answers? The question was: "What is life?" and the beautiful young girl, who was not yet engaged to Prince Carol, and who had come to Sinaia on a visit with her sister, Princess Irene, gave this amazing answer:

"What is life? A thing of many terrors."

A short time after this visit, Princess Helen became the fiancée and a few months later the wife of the heir to the Rumanian throne. As far as human foresight could go this seemed not only a highly convenient but also a happy match. Carol had already behaved like a prodigal son and his return had been greatly fêted by King Ferdinand, Queen Marie, the royal family and the Rumanian people.

All the nation was exalted by hope when Princess Helen made her appearance in Bucharest as Crown Princess.

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Her beauty, her radiant smile, combined with the dimples, seemed a sure gage of stability and happiness in the royal household. Another favorable omen was the fact that for the first time since its establishment as a united kingdom, Rumania had a Crown Princess and a future Queen of the same religion as the people. Carmen Sylva had been a Protestant, and so was Queen Marie. This Orthodox daughter of the Greek Church pleased immensely the Rumanian peasantry. They all felt that the mother's creed goes naturally to the child, and they rejoiced in the thought that for the first time a future King of Rumania would be taught his earliest prayers by a mother who would share their faith and his.

At the birth of their first child, the joy of Prince Carol and his young wife was shared by the whole nation. Christened in Sinaia, amid the beautiful scenery of the Carpathians, the little Prince was given the name of Michael, in remembrance of another Rumanian Prince, Michael the Brave, who had succeeded for the first time in uniting all the Rumanian provinces under his sceptre. The popularity of the Crown Princess among those who had the good luck to approach her was increasing every day. The simple people liked her because she was simple — because her little boy was always seen in her arms; because she was a good housekeeper and a good mother.

In Sinaia she wore the national costume and this, too, pleased the people. In Bucharest the Crown Princess knew how to keep her rank. Women of society admired her sober and elegant style of dressing. Among fashionable women she knew how to be the most fashionable. Diplomats praised her for her perfect tact and manners.

I remember an old English governess coming to me in raptures after having been received at tea by Princess Helen. She described her pouring out the tea herself for her guests and acting in all like a "perfect English lady".

One other day the royal family played pencil games at my house in Mogosoea. The question was: "What do you know best?" Many answers were given, some witty, some foolish, some inaccurate. Princess Helen answered in her clear and elegant handwriting: "My own business."

Her business she knew, and knew well.

The last time I saw them together, she and her husband, Prince Carol, were at a flower show in Bucharest. They walked along looking at the huge chrysanthemums, the Princess as usual smiling graciously and finding a kind word for each of the exhibitors. Public opinion had been alarmed for some time by gossip about Prince Carol. He was reported to have started on some unworthy love affair. I could not believe this would be serious. The Crown Princess looked so lovely that autumn morning among the richly colored flowers. I still see the gentle courtesy with which she was handed into the carriage by her husband.

A month later, Carol was gone and the whole world knew he had forsaken his young wife and his little boy. I was travelling in Egypt when it happened, and I did not return to Rumania until the following spring. Carol had renounced the throne and Princess Helen was no more the Crown Prin-

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cess. Her new title, "The Princess Mother," sounded pathetic for one so young. In her sad and difficult position she had won everybody's admiration by her dignity and moral courage. Her behavior had been so wonderful that there was not a criticism to be heard, but only praise, respect and admiration. Her little son, aged four, was now Crown Prince, and he absorbed most of her time. Such leisure as was left she devoted increasingly to visits to charitable institutions.

THE education of Prince Michael was left entirely in her hands. Through the death of King Ferdinand, the Rumanian crown, which should have been Princess Helen's and had been forfeited by Carol's abdication, came to the little Michael when he was not yet six. She, who knew what sacrifice royalty must make, had to guide her child's steps when he took his seat on the throne on July 20, 1927. She did it with the supreme dignity and self possession that distinguish all her acts. The Rumanian people watched her with unspeakable emotion when she took King Michael to the House of Parliament to receive the oath of allegiance. The child, terrified by the cheers of the Assembly, flew to her and hid his face in her skirts. With firm gentleness she brought him back to face the delirious public once more.

A woman can be made a queen by marrying a king. To be oneself the maker of a king is a far more magnificent rôle to play. We all believe in Rumania that Princess Helen has every gift to undertake it: force of character, true patriotism, experience of many sorrows, wisdom, and self control.

HER native country she still loves in spite of all that has happened to separate her from it. I remember that before leaving for Athens, where I went as a tourist only two years ago, I asked her what I should salute especially for her. Her ready answer was: "Every stick and every stone." This revelation of her strong love for Greece pleased me immensely. It is to me the proof that she can love deeply and remain faithful under any circumstances. No one could be more apt in my eyes than she, who gave me this answer, to bring up a man child in righteous love of his country. She will teach him the duties of royalty more than the pleasures, as her life has known more sorrows than joys.

If general sympathy, love and admiration can help her in her task, Princess Helen may be sure to have gained it in Rumania. The heart of a Christian people is easily moved by the picture of a young mother whose son is also her King.

¶ The world's most picturesque royal figures are the seven hundred sovereign princes of India whose gorgeous Oriental feudalism is now a complicating factor amid Britain's growing problems of Empire. Ignatius Phayre, world traveller and vivid writer, contributes next month an absorbing account of these Indian rulers.

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Big Business and the Little Man

By J. George Frederick

A leading expert in business research sees hope for the would-be independent despite the growing power of large combinations and chain stores

The sea has been full of scares for small fish ever since the vasty deep held any life at all. Alarm is the small creature's chronic state of mind and of course this alarm has been the main factor in progress. This philosophy, applied to the small man in business, may be Spartan, but it is as unavoidable and creative in economics as in biology.

In decades past, when the small retailer had sunk into lassitude, the department store leviathan came actively upon the scene. The little fish at once began to shiver with alarm, to cry "trusts" and worse, but at the same time to raise his own standards of service. By the time he had learned to exist side by side with department stores, the mail order leviathan swam ominously into his ken in 1910, and he was more alarmed than ever. There were actually catalogue-burning parties in public squares, and legislation to tie the fins of this new big fish. But though the mail order monster grew larger and calmly devoured many little fish, the net result was another substantial rise in level of retail public service, while there was certainly no marked catastrophe to small fish. The number of those entering the retail field went on undiminished, faster than the growth of the population.

Then came quickly, in succession, two more kinds of sea monsters, not in pairs, but in formidable schools; first, in 1921, the house-to-house canvassing firms, and second the chain stores; the latter literally sweeping the land, and frankly avid to eat as many little fish as possible. Once more the result has been, not to exterminate the small fish but to shape him creatively. The present day retailer is astoundingly more efficient than his predecessor, as one may note occasionally in villages where some old, fossilized, fly-ridden relic lives on.

The chain store is so large a fish that nothing in retailing is quite the same since his arrival. Still, the small fish are far from being exterminated. America supports today one independent retail grocery store for every sixty-three families, a larger number than before the chain store era. There is one grocery chain unit for every 164 families. In some cities these chain units have from sixty to seventy per cent. of the trade; but a recent survey

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of forty cities shows the grocery chains still doing only thirty-eight per cent. of the volume of business. Taking the country as a whole, the chain stores of all types have twelve per cent. of the total retail business.

It is true, however, that the chain organizations are increasing their business by leaps and bounds. To deplore this as a threat to the happy independence of the small man is to ignore the fact that the small man's lot was never very happy. The census shows, for instance, that in the grocery field (where the chain stores have lately made the strongest gains) more than one-fourth of the independents do less than $5,000 a year volume, which means the merest pittance as a living, since the average net profit is only three per cent.

THIS precarious condition of the small retailer cannot fairly be charged entirely to big business competition, for the situation was even worse before the big chain store swam into the pond. Years ago it was a widespread condition for thousands of small grocers to be economic peons to wholesalers, who had advanced cash and credit to set them up in business. These creditor wholesalers forced the small man to take whatever stock they thought best, and he was therefore chronically insolvent and unscientifically stocked with goods. He was a complete vassal; indeed, far too weak a business man to cope at all with the chain store when it opened up next door to him.

Today, however, the independent retailer does not belie his name; he is far more efficient. The weak ones were forced out long ago, and even though fifty per cent. of the grocers in eleven cities surveyed by the Government do less than $10,000 a year each, they are not the unbusinesslike weaklings of former years.

Still, many small men in all branches of retailing are wondering what their future may be. They have lately seen the total number of chain store units of all kinds mount to about 100,000, representing about 4,500 chain organizations. During 1927 they saw over $100,000,000 in new money invested in chain stores. Can they expect to live at all in waters where the big fish are thus constantly growing bigger?

THE truth appears to be that the so-called big fish do not really eat the small fish, for they are themselves nothing but remarkably organized schools of small fish. Any small fish entering such a school may at any time leave it. Very often he does, setting up in business for himself, immensely enriched in economic possibility because of his training in the school. One of the most remarkable and little-noted results of our era of large scale business has been to provide training schools for small business men; and, more lately, actually to institute units of small business within the large scale organization.

Instead of being worsted by big business, the ordinary man in its ranks has more opportunity to rise, more power, more financial participation, and more dignity of function and responsibility. Also the small business man, trained under large scale discipline and setting up shop for himself, may become the most formidable of all competitors of large scale business.

Of course, the inefficient, stubbornly individualistic small man is only a herring in a school of whales, and is

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most certainly doomed. The average life of the grocer in business has been from five to ten years, and ninety-five out of every hundred have failed. But note how small a part the bugaboo of competition plays in such failures. The credit manager of a large western wholesale grocery firm a few years ago studied five hundred grocery failures closely and found three groups of handicaps responsible. To account for sixty-five per cent. of the failures there were the beginners' handicaps, including chiefly lack of capital or incompetence. The second group, accounting for eighteen per cent. of the failures, consisted of competition and other factors and risks, such as fire, flood, sickness, death, robbery. But here it is significant indeed to note that competition, usually feared most, shrank under cool analysis to but 1.4 per cent. — little more than one-third as threatening a factor as storm, flood or fire, or as sickness and death. The third group of failures came from character-breakdown, seventeen per cent.; consisting of fraud, neglect, personal extravagance, speculation, intemperance.

THE conclusion is inevitable from these facts that if the small man's enterprise is entered upon with moderately adequate capital and experience, with good character and wise insurance against calamity, it has excellent chances of success. With credit and insurance facilities such as are available today, the only elements of uncertainty are experience and character; elements which no one but the small man can provide. Granting the character, how is he to gain the experience? Large scale business has provided the answer; he can train under big business for a time and then paddle his own canoe. Many of the great chain firms have provided schools with high priced directing heads who meticulously drill their store managers in the basic principles of retailing success.

THE old time corner grocery hardly knew "turnover" from a sugar scoop; but the live young man who has pushed his way up to the position of store manager of a chain unit makes "turnover" a religion and a science. Soon he marries and chafes at the limits of his career as a chain man, saves money and buys an independent grocery store. He then virtually turns it into a chain store in appearance and method. Often he takes away with him many of the chain store's customers. These "break-aways" are of two types, of course: first, the superior type, the born merchant, who makes a splendid retailer after the chain store experience; and second, the over-ambitious upstart who is always looking for a raise and quits in a huff when he is rebuffed. The latter has neither the balance nor the bent necessary for operating a successful store of his own, and he is soon back again after his old job.

This process has been winnowing out the good men from among chain store managers, while the growth of new chains is at the same time increasing the demand for managers. The consequence is that highly capable men are growing more scarce, and (not to pass by the ugly truth) there has been an increase of dishonesty — incorrect addition, purchase frauds from store door delivery, etc. This is why the chains admit that managers are ninety per cent. of their worry; there is an apparent man-failure staring them in the face. The chain system

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is perfected, but the vital human unit is needed, and difficult to obtain.

Two examples may be illuminating. "Jim" was a chain store manager, who a year ago confided to me that he would open store for himself. He was once an "independent retailer", but although his customers liked him he never seemed able to make a decent living or to be free from serious financial worry. He took a job with a chain and in six months was manager. Freed from financial worry, and drilled by the "system," he became a particularly capable store manager. He is of that blue-eyed Irish type which many chains claim to be the best. He has a family and knows family needs. The women like his kindly, helpful, personal service. He has now mastered his early failings, and his new individual venture combines all the "snap" of a chain unit with all the convenience and personality of an independent store. He is a success.

But not so Walter, the drug chain clerk I know in a Long Island village, who set up his own drug store after quitting the chain when he married. He has grown fat and careless; his store is untidy; there is no inspector or store manager to act as drill sergeant. He was a fairly live youngster two or three years ago, under the stimulation of chain sales lectures, point system contests and the "spoofing" of his fellow clerks, but he thought the store ought to raise his salary just because he married, and he quit when refused. Now he is letting his wife wait on most of the customers — with a baby on her arm sometimes — while he spends too much time talking with salesmen who oversell him. I give him but six months more life as a retailer.

Men who have not the general range of a born merchant's qualities, including the rather opposite qualities of caution and analysis, aggressiveness and sociability, do much better to remain employees. Nevertheless, in an era of increasing prosperity, when the price cut — so specialized in by the chain stores of a decade past — weighs less and less in consumers' eyes, and service and personal interest weigh more and more, the small man, instead of being trodden under foot by big business, may inflict the sorest wound received by the chain store Goliath. He may "up and leave", and become a prosperous competitor in the neighborhood.

Even against the department store Goliath — which E. A. Filene predicts will develop into corporations including a hundred or more great stores — the small specialty shops have been able to hold their own. Discriminating, well-to-do folk like them. The employees of retailing firms are far more likely to set up as small business people than the employees of a manufacturer or wholesaler, because they require less capital. If anything, the small specialized shop has gained in prestige in recent years.

The small man's star of destiny has moved upward in still another way. Some types of large-scale business, operating chains or field organizations upon whose skill and energy the profits depend, are learning that the supreme strategy of man-management is to give the local managers the particular stimulus, pride and responsibility which the small man feels when everything is "up to him" and when he operates virtually his own business, with his own financial investment in-

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volved. How effective this policy has been is seen in the case of several well known chains, operated on variations of the principle of making local store managers actual financial partners, with shares purchased from earnings, with a wide scope of authority, and the privilege of training others to open other stores and keep an ownership interest. Such managers give to their task that extra value which men give only when their own property and money are at stake. They are employees, it is true, but it is equally true that they are owners and general managers.

THERE are two other significant developments among small business men. One is, the hand-to-mouth buying habit, which has so grieved the wholesaler and manufacturer, who once habitually oversold retailers and by this means held them in bondage. The small man has rightfully shunted back nearer to the source of manufacture, and to stronger hands than his, those risks of business not properly belonging to him, under which he once staggered and so often was crushed.

On the other hand, many independents are relinquishing their ancient individualistic suzerainty in favor of coöperation, in their struggle to hold their own. They are entering into offensive and defensive alliances with each other. It is not uncommon in American business for local or national trade associations composed of "the little fellows" to inaugurate group buying, selling or advertising, with the large scale firms in the industry not included. They cannot individually buy or advertise so advantageously as the large firm, so they do it collectively.

In a particular sense, therefore, we must admit that the small man has already passed. There is hardly any place for him if he is untrained and insists on being completely isolated, noncoöperative and "on his own". The small man today is either drawing very heavily upon organized knowledge to keep afloat, and voluntarily limiting his individuality, or else he is actually operating in part as a group member.

ONLY those who resist blindly the inevitable economic tendency need fear the recent growth of nationally integrated business organizations. No matter how individualistic he may be, the wise man perceives that large scale enterprise means greater economy, service and safety, and that he must find his level within it. Indeed, the whole history of business indicates this process.

The small man in business is the cell in the body politic, and his health will always be essential to the health of the organism; but, as in the case of the cells in the healthy body, his work must be coördinated and functionalized. And to those who are now crying out against the fate of the small retailer in conflict with big business chains, I suggest the following: Compare in your own community the home, the cars, the radio, and the general living conditions of today's chain store manager — who is also part owner — with the living conditions of his predecessor, the small proprietor of an independent store, who often lived in penury above it and called upon wife and children to wait on customers. Today the chain store's hired clerk can live at least as well as could the average small proprietor himself in those earlier days of the small man's "business independence".

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I Sing of Cats!

By K. C. McIntosh

A philosophic Captain, U. S. N., regards the physiology, the psychology and the philanthropy of Felis Catus with somewhat unusual but not unconvincing results.

There is a persistent tradition that men and cats are but slightly less antipathetic than are dogs and cats. So firmly is it established that the average man, who probably has a sneaking desire to rub a casual kitten behind the ears, feels almost as shy about it as he would over confessing that he likes to cook or to embroider. It is taken for granted that the cat is a feminine pet, that only dogs are fit company for men.

I boast of no new discovery nor deep research in denying the above theory *in toto*. I come of a race which has never adhered to the current notions regarding cats. When Agricola found the forbears of the Scottish nation in 81, A.D., they were already known as *Cattani* and speculation was rife even then as to whether they owed their name to their favorite weapon, called *cat* or *catai*, to their warlike history epitomized in the Erse word *cath* which means "battle", to their supposed consanguinity with the German tribe called *Catti* by Cæsar, or merely to the fact that their hilly, densely wooded country was overrun by actual cats. As late as 1830, Dr. Browne could not solve the riddle, but stated that "even at this day the Gaelic inhabitants of this district (Caithness, Sutherland, Badenoch and the shores of Moray Firth) are ambitious to derive their ancestry from this tribe."

I submit that the four explanations offered above, all of them advocated by scholars, all refer to the affinity of cats and men. First of all, Caithness *was* overrun with cats; and the pictures given in the heraldic devices of that region do not show lynxes or bobcats. The Caithness cats were thin-eared, long-tailed, common tiger-cats, ranging in color from dark brindle to tortoiseshell. Second, the weapon called *cat* was a curved, double-edged dagger like a cat's claw. Third, the most superficial observation of cat nature will disclose them as the perfect warriors, wary, fearless, relentless and efficient. In cat-infested woods, it is little wonder that Gael, Celt, Pict, Goidel and Scoto-Erse all used the same word to mean "cat" and "battle". And lastly, every clan and sept which can trace true line to either *Cattani* of North Britain or *Catti* of Germany proudly bears as its crest a brindled cat in some attitude or other. The branches of Clan Chattan

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surviving today in the Highlands wear their cat leaping forward with widespread claws. Those who have wandered south and who swelled the ranks of the London Scottish during the World War display their cat sitting with watchful eyes. Note the felinity of the mottoes of North Scotland: "Touch not the cat but a glove," "In defense," "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," "I bide my time."

CONSIDER the foundations of the dog's reputation. What has he done to deserve his title of "first friend"? I love dogs and they seem to consider me a desirable acquaintance; but I maintain that the dog's friendship has never been without its touch of servile inferiority. He is known as a fit companion for man mainly because of his willingness to be a constant second fiddle in the partnership. In the days before the Nineteenth Amendment was agitated, men drew up a code of rules for the guidance of their women and embodied it in the marriage service and the Talmud and the Epistles of St. Paul. Can you remember one obedience laid upon women by these authorities against which the meekest woman does not feel occasional resentment, or with which every proper dog does not yearn to comply, spirit and letter? The answer is easy! Man in his caves and log huts used his loud voice and superior strength to make his women obey him and wait upon him. When he left home to hunt or fish or merely to walk about, the women breathed more easily and did as they pleased. The dog took over where the women left off. He assumed the burden of the female of the species gladly and joyfully. He fetched and carried, he did all the heavy work of trailing and treeing the game. He stood watch while the master caught forty winks in the shade. He herded the sheep and cattle and brought the horses in from the big pasture. When beaten for a mistake, he licked the hand with the whip and begged for another chance to make good. If primitive man treated his women like dogs in the home, he treated his dogs like women in the field.

From puppyhood to toothless senility, the dog is a flatterer, a worshipper of authority, a dependent, a clinging vine. Masculine? Don't make me laugh! He is the archetype of what the Victorian novel expected a lady to be — though, thank Heaven, few of our grandmothers really were! His only male attribute is a baritone voice.

BUT the cat is different. Men also have been enjoined by prophets, princes and philosophers to live according to a code; and the code swings around individualism, self-respect, and the rights of personal property. Steadfastness, singleness of purpose, rectitude and adherence to an ideal, courage, resourcefulness and independence have been drilled into the masculine mind as the highest of human goals. The proverbs range between "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," and "Live so you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell!" And the man who succeeds even passably in conforming to this code is living a more or less perfected imitation of the life of a cat — any cat. Eliminate the visible effect of the *mores* upon human civilization and leave only the personal ideals. There is left the code of the cat, and that alone, as a guide to mankind.

It is often noted that friendships

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between men are marked by their ability to spend hours together without exchanging words. The tale is still told of Tennyson and Carlyle sitting over their pipes and port wine in silence until three o'clock in the morning, when Carlyle rose, stretched and uttered the first words spoken during the night: "Man, but we've had a grand evening!" and departed for bed.

WOMEN are apt to outtalk and outpet a cat, with the result that however devoted the cat may be to her mistress, still she regards her much as an indulgent master regards a good dog. With men, cats assume a tacit partnership. When the man of the house enters the room, Puss will raise her head until she is sure that he knows she is there. Perhaps she may speak first, or merely answer his greeting in the language which will be later discussed; but when he is once settled comfortably, down goes her head and she speaks no more until she decides it is time to go. Then, like Carlyle, she slowly rises, always facing the man. Out go her forefeet and down go her shoulders in a long, lazy stretch. Her mouth opens in a wide smile and she audibly remarks, "So long, old top!" Shoulders rise with a jerk; one hind foot after the other is kicked out smartly. With a preliminary flourish the tail is hoisted high, and the cat goes about her business without a backward look. A dog's head would have been up and down fifty times an hour, and his nap would have been broken by a hundred anxieties as to what the man would do next.

The dog's piety is real and heartfelt; without reserve he lives to serve his master or mistress. The cat, on the contrary, refuses to allow social matters to affect her code. Proud, self-respecting and meticulous, she enjoys friendship but resents intrusion or coercion. She resents it in cavalier fashion, by dignified withdrawal.

Compare also the conduct of cat and dog when suddenly frightened or hurt. The dog screams and perhaps continues to scream with a long, terrified kiyi-ing as he removes from the vicinity with tucked-in tail and cringing hindquarters. Does the cat? Not enough to make any impression! True, she leaps away with lightning speed; but she lands facing the danger, with back arched for war and tail like the brush of a chimney-sweep. Her eyes blaze with righteous wrath; and after the first startled yowl, liquid, searing profanity flows from between her bared teeth. No other word applies, for her intention is plain. She is cursing; and the worse she has been scared, the louder swells the torrent of invective. Stiff-legged, she backs away, her deep-throated vituperation rising and falling. At a safe distance, she flings one last insult, grunts disgustedly, turns her back and stalks away with switching and indignant tail.

THE fighting methods of cats are more nearly those of primitive humanity than those of any other beast that walks the earth. Even the great apes which wrestle and box, and bite only in the clinches, show less manlike plan of battle and joy therein. From Goliath of Gath to the Child of Calamity, the swashbuckler's technique has been feline. Sighting his enemy, he manœuvres silently for higher ground; but once there he lifts up his voice. He shouts his pedigree, his strength and

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his record of knockouts in past bouts. He yells aloud the low birth and general worthlessness of his adversary, daring him to knock off the chip or tread on the coat tail. Stiff-legged and tense, he imperceptibly draws nearer, his scalding invective rising in raucous crescendo. Step by step, never taking a stride long enough to be off balance for an instant, he draws within range. Then, if his adversary's gaze falters for a split second, or the sting of some insult causes muscles visibly to twitch, the torrent of abuse breaks sharply into a bellowed war-cry and the champion leaps at his antagonist. Dogs and wolves, apes and weasels, spring for the throat. Men and cats, in the first charge, "bust him where he is biggest," and try for a vital spot only after punishment has weakened or slowed the enemy's defense.

THE caterwauling which arises on moonlit nights from back fences and alleys is usually translated as the effort of some feline troubadour to persuade Maria to come into the garden. This translation is fallacious. Tom calls Maria in totally different fashion, with much the same note as that with which Maria herself calls the roll of her kittens, except that for her anxious contralto, Tom substitutes a throbbing bass. No; when Tom sings aloud, he is doing one of three things. If Maria is already there, he is showing off before his beloved, singing of his exploits and invincibility. If his auditor is not Maria but Thomas from across the railroad tracks, there is no throb in his voice, but a hard, cold edge. He is telling Thomas that while his left carries six months in hospital, his right is sudden death; that he is so tough he scares himself, and when he spits he cracks a cobblestone. But oftenest of all, singing Tom is alone with the night and the moonlight. He is a feline Finn MacCool, with ancestral memories of the wild woods, the thrill of the hunt and the keen joy of battle. He sings because he is alert, alive and alone. It is no love song that he is crooning, but a hymn, a pæan and a pibroch. He is, for a time, not just a cat, but The Cat, that drowzed in the temples of Bast or terrorized Nabeshima. For in this world of asphalt and superheterodynes, only the cat and the crow remain unchanged, independent and primæval.

TO ARRIVE at any understanding of a cat, while she is learning your language, you must learn hers; and the wealth of her vocabulary is surprising. Max Müller should have kept cats, for it is not improbable that it was from cats that *Pithecanthropus Erectus* first got the idea of speech. In cat orthography are four vowel sounds: short A (almost a French IN), long U, OW short and nasal, and OW long and drawled with much the sound of a Tidewater Virginian saying "mouse". Of consonants, five are in common use, guttural R, a German CH, K, W and Y, with a rare N. Much depends upon pitch and intonation, for cats, like ancient Greeks and modern Chinese, sing rather than speak.

"Still," demands the despiser of cats, "Why cats at all? What good are they?"

Dear sir, what good is a cravat? What good is pepper? What great and humanitarian use is served by a geranium or a ship model or a fancy radiator cap? To seek even closer home, what good is a bridge partner?

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A man who lives surrounded only by servants is considered a lonely and unfortunate man. For some reason a dog is supposed to be an adequate pal; but aside from the flattering effect of the dog's vapid and usually causeless adoration of the Boss, what can a dog do about the house that cannot be done better by other agency? Is disinterested friendship worth nothing?

YES; "disinterested" is the word I mean. Too long has the cat been unjustly branded with the stigma of being a parasite. She will not bring in the evening paper nor carry home the mail, for such activities do not lie within the scope of her talent, and she will attempt nothing which she cannot do well. But however well you may have fed her, she is soon about her business of patrolling the dark places of your house. If rats and mice are not found in your neighborhood, she will start a vigorous campaign against cockroaches, waterbugs or bluebottle flies. This is her main work and she respects it; but she undertakes it with something more than an eye to her own enjoyment. Have you ever seen ceremony and dignified pride to exceed that with which a cat presents a dead mouse to her benefactor? You have given her milk and fish. She is not hungry for mice; but mice are the only commodity she can procure of which you have not already an abundance, so she does her graceful best to balance her accounts.

The traditional duties of the dog as watchman are performed by the normal dog without dignity or finesse. He makes a great deal of unnecessary noise, becomes unduly excited, and refuses to calm down for hours after the emergency is past. As an example of the efficiency of the cat under similar circumstances, I submit a true tale which I will not embroider.

ON A RECENT warm, wet night, I left two windows in a room on the lower floor of my house open when I retired. At about three in the morning the well bred cat which shares my domicile waked me with an urgent call of warning. Too sleepy immediately to translate her words, I rudely told her to be quiet; but something in her tone made me sit up. I then noticed that the wind was very high and the house was shaking. As I switched on my light, I saw the cat, silent not merely from obedience to my fretful command but from outraged dignity, standing nervously at the head of the stairs. When she saw me get up her irritation vanished — there was no time for petty things. "Look there," she cried, "and hurry up!" The portieres downstairs were whipping like flags, almost tearing themselves from the rods, and as I looked, something in the sitting-room fell with a crash. As I started down the stairs, she kept step with me; but as I passed through the wildly flapping curtains she called impatiently to follow and ran to the back room where the open windows had slipped my memory. The gale had overturned most of the furniture and was pushing it into a tangled heap. As I closed the windows, the cat stood eagerly silent; but when they were secured she again cried "Hurry! Come along!" and dashed through the house. Here I found a windowsash blown in and beyond closing; but the room was small, so I secured the door. By that time I had learned my lesson, so I looked to my watchcat for advice. She did not fail me. Through two

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tightly closed doors she hurried me to the kitchen, where an outside door was swinging open and pots and pans were being wrenched off their hooks by the gusts that swept in. As I bolted the door, the cat's tense air relaxed, her tail went up, and she smiled.

"Is there anything else to do?" I asked.

"It's all right," she purred, and lay down behind the kitchen stove. She was asleep by the time I had the lights turned out; and although the wind screamed and howled for the rest of the night, she slept contentedly until morning. Thanks to her, my house escaped serious damage in a storm which caused some of my neighbors real trouble.

But best of all, that cat is my friend. We quarrel and lose our tempers, we differ as the poles in many an argument, and we spend days without speaking. But I know and she knows that between us is enduring affection and respect. When I leave this place, there will be no heartbreaking farewells. We will pledge each other in a bumper of milk and part as gentlefolk do. I will feel no anxiety about her. She can take care of herself. She will slaughter the rats in the seawall a bit more systematically, and she will make new friends as time goes on.

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Calles or Chaos

By George Wheeler Hinman, Jr.

What next south of the Rio Grande? A keen journalist, knowing the subject first hand, graphically sketches the retiring President Calles, as the only Revolutionary leader to whom we can look for Mexican stability

It was a dramatic scene. Thousands upon thousands of denim clad Indians had gathered for the occasion. Afoot and ahorse, they still were streaming in to participate in the ceremonies that would epitomize the new Mexico of the last Revolution. They flaunted the red and black of that Revolution, and their banners bore its slogan, "Land and Liberty!" the theme, incidentally, of practically every rebellion in Mexican history.

The occasion was the inaugural of an agricultural school, a Governmental institution, an integral part of the revolutionary agrarian reform. It was to be one of a chain of such schools to teach Mexico's Indian millions how to farm the lands being distributed to them. The new white buildings sparkled in the clear mountain air beneath a glaring tropical sun. The new equipment, within the walls and without, shone proudly, the latest in agricultural devices, all imported from abroad and most of them from the United States. The enthusiastic school superintendent, a young man in his middle thirties, the Mexican graduate of a State agricultural college in the United States, was bursting with the importance of the occasion and the significant mission of his plant. What a pity that it could drop only 200 graduates at a time into the great sea of Mexican ignorance!

Among the milling thousands, two men stood forth with amazing prominence. Everywhere, they were the centers of interest. And with reason, for they were the two conspicuous chieftains who had survived the violent vicissitudes of Mexican revolutionary politics — and, in Mexico, all politics are more or less revolutionary. One of the two was His Excellency, the President of the Republic, a black-haired, swarthy man, with close-clipped mustache, broad, stubborn face, and penetrating black eyes, known popularly as *El Turco*, or The Turk. He wore a black suit, a black felt hat, black shoes, and carried a walking stick that seemed somehow out of keeping with the rest of the picture. The other was the past President and prospective next President of the Republic, a fair-skinned blond type, with shrewd face, close-

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set, lively eyes, and sweeping, gray, military mustache. He wore the typical garb of the well-to-do *hacendado*, or gentleman rancher, from the picturesque high-crowned, broad-brimmed *sombrero* to the inevitable boots, even although he had come to the scene by train and motor. His right sleeve was pinned up — empty. He had lost an arm on the battlefield — and had won the battle.

TOGETHER these two men had fought their way to the very top of the revolutionary heap. Those in the ranks of the Revolution who had dared to defy their ambition had, one by one, but with deadly sureness, been violently eliminated by sudden death. There was only one exception — he had escaped across the border into the United States before he could be seized and placed before that supreme arbiter of Mexican justice, the firing squad. The picturesque, one-armed figure was that of Alvaro Obregon. The sombre, intense face of *El Turco* was that of Plutarco Elias Calles. Each, of course, was a General in the Revolutionary Army. Obregon was still Number One on the military list, and Calles was Number Two. These two men, so different, had fought side by side to supremacy, snuffing out one another's foes with bloody, relentless severity.

They presented an interesting contrast, as each went his own way across the scene. Wherever it passed, the towering *sombrero* was surrounded by a group of duly impressionable satellites. They hung on the roughly humorous words that came from beneath the sweeping mustache, and from time to time laughed uproariously at some particularly notable sally. Alvaro Obregon was *simpatico* — that is, in the broadest sense, he had *it*. He was a natural leader among men, on the battlefield, in politics, or in a barroom. And he was a born story-teller, unbeatable at the coarse anecdote that appealed to his circle of admirers.

Meanwhile, what of *El Turco?* With that characteristic look of intense interest on his face, he was going through the school plant for all the world like an army inspector. He had to see everything. With a passion for information that was almost terrifying, he fired question after question at the delighted superintendent. His eager eyes scanned the personnel of the student body, ardently desirous that each of the 200 should be worthy to carry the gospel of modern farming to Mexico's benighted mass of agricultural heathen. The whole enterprise was his cherished child. He was savagely determined that the dispirited Mexican peon should become independent and self-respecting. He would have been properly indignant had he known that the hungry father of one of the pupils, an aged Indian in tattered denim who had trudged a two days march over the mountains to attend the celebration, had begged a dime from a member of the Presidential party in order to buy *tortillas*, or corn cakes, for the noonday meal.

IT WAS hardly a coincidence that, although they had travelled together the political road to the agricultural school, just as they had come together to the inaugural celebration, each now went his separate way. As the only two surviving chieftains of the Revolution, it was inevitable that they should have their differences, that

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each should have his friends and followers, that their lives should be filled with endless manœuvring for positions of vantage. In spite of constant effort to emphasize the close coöperation of the two, there was no concealing the growing rivalry. Clashes between groups of their followers grew more frequent, and more bitter.

THEN, with that startling suddenness that is the outstanding feature of Mexican political life, Obregon was eliminated violently from the revolutionary picture in the traditional Mexican manner, assassination. For the Mexican method is, at bottom, assassination, whether the death shots come from the pistol of an individual killer or from the rifles of a firing squad after the mockery of a so-called court martial.

So Calles stood alone, the one dominating figure on the Mexican scene. With the intensity and the tenacity of purpose that are his most conspicuous characteristics, he threw himself into the battle to save Mexico from itself, from revolution, to maintain the authority of the Revolution that had raised Obregon and himself, and, finally, himself alone, to power. He brought to the battlefield great natural executive ability. Without doubt, he was the most capable executive Mexico had seen since Porfirio Diaz, the rugged warrior who had fought his way into power half a century earlier and who had been the first to raise Mexico to the plane of reputability among the nations of the world. Indeed, with the exception of Don Porfirio, the man Calles probably had greater natural executive ability than any other chieftain in Mexican history.

This capacity was the lever which had raised him to authority and wealth in the revolutionary régime. Like others of that régime, he had had his origin in Sonora, the great State of the Mexican Northwest. His father had been Governor of the State. His mother, according to popular belief, had been of Syrian blood, which explained his sobriquet of *El Turco*. He had been named, after the Spanish fashion, Plutarco Elias Calles. The Elias was the name of his father and the Calles that of his mother. But, instead of using his father's name, he had chosen that of his mother, and he rose to fame as General Calles, not as General Elias.

His life in Sonora had been a normal one. He had been a schoolteacher, a job holder, the proprietor of a grain mill, and Governor of the State. His success had been owing to his abilities as a doer rather than as a dealer. He never showed any especial capacity for political chicanery and complicated negotiation with factional groups, but he acquired the reputation of a man who could "deliver the goods." What he said he would do, he did; and, by the same token, what he said he would not do, he did not do.

SO HE rose in the ranks of the Revolution. Indeed, he became a General of Division, although he never shone as a military leader, and possessed little faculty for the leadership of troops in the field. Rather, it was again a tribute to his executive capacity, his ability to organize, and his intense, tenacious driving power. He could organize a force, equip it, put it in the field, and, by sheer power, drive it from place to place to maintain his authority; but, when it came to actual

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battle, he was compelled to rely on others.

Strangely enough, this odd contradiction of character shows in the man's figure. His burly form lacks that indefinable something that is the inborn characteristic of the military leader. There are rugged strength and determination and, also, domineering courage in those sturdy lines, but nothing of agility. They lack an essential adaptability that is necessary to the man on the battlefield who must make quick decisions to meet rapidly changing conditions. The face is a counterpart of the stalwart figure. It is a heavy, resolute face, reflecting fixed ideas and indomitable courage. It is not a face with which one would feel inclined to bargain. Those stubborn lips are not inclined to barter toward compromise. Then, too, in moments of relaxation, the eyes and the lines of the mouth reveal an innate savagery, not refined, calculating cruelty, but fierce savagery which one would hesitate to arouse.

A MAN of deep emotions, violent prejudices, and intense interests, Calles brought also to his post of solitary leadership a certain fatalistic fearlessness. It is not that he is exceptionally courageous in a personally physical sense. In fact, there are those in Mexico who are inclined to speak unflatteringly of his personal bravery under the immediate peril of bodily injury. The courage of Calles is not physical, but philosophical. There is an Oriental tinge to his fatalism, inherited, perhaps, from the Syrian mother. Hated as the man by whose orders many have been slain, hated with a fanatical bitterness as the foe of Catholic Christianity, he exposes himself to the peril of assassination with a *sang froid* that in another man would be called recklessness. Time and again, in city and in country, he scorns any sort of bodyguard as he goes his own apparently careless way among milling thousands indiscriminately collected from all walks of Mexican life.

THIS sort of courage is indispensable to the man who would rule over Mexico. A decision on a vital point at issue is quite likely to involve seriously the personal safety of the man making it. In Mexico, political death frequently is followed, if not actually accompanied, by physical death. One of the fundamental reasons why Plutarco Calles has been such a capable executive in Mexico is his courage to make and to adhere to decisions that involve his personal welfare.

There are other reasons, too, that are welded into the basic character of the man. He has a real, live interest in public problems. His insatiable hunger for information on all matters affecting governmental agencies is the furthest possible from anything even remotely resembling mere curiosity. He wants to know because he wants to do something about it. In this connection, his apparently unlimited capacity for work stands him in good stead. He plugs away at his problems, driving himself as ruthlessly as he drives others. Generally speaking, his ability to grasp a problem is remarkable; but, here, there is one unfortunate trait that stands between him and real greatness — violent prejudice. This prejudice is likely not only to blind him to certain essential facts in a given problem, but also to warp

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his judgment even when he can see the facts as they are.

But his judgment, whether warped or not, is final. One of the hardest things to get out of anybody in Mexico is a final judgment. Everything is qualified by *ifs* and *buts*. Verbosity and circumlocution are the order of the day in all Government and business offices. There is one exception, the office of Plutarco Elias Calles. With many, he has the reputation of being the one man in Mexico who can say *Yes* or *No*, and nothing else. Moreover, as has been noted, he sticks to his decisions. Once he has spoken, those who disapprove his judgment have but one recourse of protest, always in Mexico the last resort of the discontented or the ambitious — rebellion and the battlefield.

With such traits of character, it is little wonder that Calles's record from the time he took over the Presidency of the Republic in 1924 was one of notable achievements and equally notable failures. His rule could never run to neutral tints. The situation left him by Obregon, his immediate predecessor and revolutionary partner, was far from encouraging. The nation was just recovering from the convulsion of its last rebellion. The governmental machine, a crazy patchwork, was barely creaking along. Mexico was callous to bankruptcy. Except during the Diaz régime, the country always had tottered on the verge of hopeless insolvency, existing by the precarious practice of repudiating past debts and contracting ruinous new ones through forced loans and costly advances from international usurers. But, even worse than that, the Government that Calles took over was face to face with financial disaster. It had reached such a state that it could hardly meet the demands of its own Army, and these demands simply had to be met if the Government was to survive.

Calles met these demands, held the Army in line, and the Government survived. He reorganized the Army so as to eliminate those expenses which brought no return, either in strength or in loyalty. He budgetted governmental receipts and expenditures, and insisted that the latter be kept within the former. He stopped pork-barrel public works by arbitrary telegraphic orders, from which he declined stubbornly to recede. *Stop*, was his command, and the work stopped right where it was, leaving roofless buildings, and stark uprights piercing the sky to no purpose. It was an heroic measure, but the situation was desperate. Complete bankruptcy was avoided. True, he was compelled by circumstances to default on a recently negotiated agreement covering payments on the foreign debt; but, then, only a few gullible New York bankers ever had expected that agreement to be fulfilled. It was a financial miracle, evidence of his resolute capacity, that Calles was able to stave off financial catastrophe at home.

All the while that he was relentlessly striving to bring order out of the governmental chaos he had inherited, Calles also was pushing forward a concrete programme for the systematic realization of the aims of the Revolution which had raised him to power. It was a tribute to his insatiable appetite for work that he dared to attempt the task at which other Revolutionary chieftains had only

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shrugged their shoulders and put their tongues in their cheeks. Seven years earlier, in 1917, the Revolution had solemnly approved an advanced Constitution for Mexico; yet seven years had passed without the making of any genuine effort to give effect to the constitutional doctrines. There had been half-hearted, haphazard Executive measures, but these had only aggravated an already irritating uncertainty. True, armed bands of ravenous Agrarians had been active in certain areas, killing and pillaging under the banner of *Land and Liberty;* but there had not been even a genuine national programme for the distribution of farms to the peons in fulfillment of the basic principle of the Revolution.

CALLES plunged into this task with his inexhaustible energy. One after another in rapid succession, he took up the various phases of the Revolutionary project and forced the adoption of a national programme in execution of the principles involved. Although not so much of a political Agrarian as his predecessor, he gave especial attention to the agricultural problem, not only seeking to systematize the distribution of lands to the peons, but also establishing farm schools and initiating large reclamation and irrigation enterprises. Good roads became another Calles hobby for the development of the country.

Nor did the man hesitate when the Revolutionary project embroiled him with foreign interests. In the series of measures affecting oil properties, agricultural lands, mines, and other matters in which foreign interests had large holdings, the Calles Government drove boldly ahead in spite of the most powerful opposition from abroad. Nothing daunted by foreign protests, Calles repudiated promises of the preceding administration which he regarded as compromising fundamentals of the Revolution, and even defied the Government of the United States to compel him to abandon his programmes.

AND, finally, with complications at home and abroad by reason of his unwavering determination to carry out the Revolutionary project, Calles plunged resolutely into a violent struggle with the Church of Rome by insisting upon enforcing the religious clauses of the Constitution of 1917. Here, again, the President showed himself reckless of fearsome consequences. True, he was carrying out the principles of the Constitution; but those principles had been blandly ignored for years, along with other principles affecting the material phases of Mexican life. Yet, although his predecessors over those long years had done practically nothing to render effective the fundamentals of the Constitution, Calles, with an intense determination that bordered on the fanatical, essayed to realize the whole project simultaneously.

With all his policies and programmes, Calles maintained firmly the authority of the Federal Government of which he was the head. At times, his hands dripped blood as he suppressed with resolute ferocity those who dared too openly to defy his rule. In these cases, his moves were quick and savage. The blood of his foes flowed freely; and lukewarm, professing friends became feverish partisans lest he mistake their tepidity for enmity. Through it all, the Army re-

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mained staunchly loyal, not because Plutarco Calles had become overnight an inspiring military chieftain, but because, as an organizer and executive, he saw to it that the Army received what any Army expects to receive at the hands of a régime whose very existence is builded upon rifles and bayonets. That loyalty, of course, was his salvation.

But natural ability, indomitable determination, and indefatigable energy, however great, are not of themselves sufficient to handle successfully the affairs of a nation of 15,000,000 souls. There must be, too, a proper economic, political, and social background and a recognition of the fact that there is some, if only a little, merit in things as they have been. Calles's background was sketchy, and his stubborn, violent prejudices precluded at the start his recognition of anything meritorious in the systems he disapproved.

So, although the affairs of the Government were better administered than at any other time since the fall of Diaz, Calles failed to halt the economic decline of the country. The old landowners would not plant what others might reap. The new landowners, ignorant and indolent, had little interest in producing more than enough for their own wants, even though their countrymen faced starvation and misery through being compelled to import foodstuffs from abroad at ruinous costs. The great industries balked at functioning under the new rules, which they declared economically impossible; and some, maintaining that their holdings were threatened with confiscation, practically suspended operation. The self-styled proletariat, intoxicated with its political power, threatened to demoralize labor conditions.

Production declined; trade fell off; the Government, its revenues dwindling, defaulted on its foreign debt completely, but struggled desperately to meet the most essential domestic charges. Again and with a ruthless hand, Calles pruned governmental expenditures. Each chain of trouble, unfortunately, was an endless one. Economic depression made for banditry, and banditry made for still further depression. Banditry also demanded repressive military measures, which cost money and so still further weakened the governmental financial structure already being undermined by the critical economic situation.

Some of the very characteristics upon which were founded his successes in other fields made it most difficult for Calles to meet the economic problem. His Revolutionary programme had provoked the wrath of a world economic machine doing successful business on other lines, popularly described by the adjective, *capitalistic*. The machine fought him with all its strength and all its weapons; and Calles fought back. His weapons, too, included stubbornness and savage prejudice. He might not beat them; indeed, considering their world power, he could not beat them. But he seemed equally resolved never to surrender, even though they crushed him beneath their ponderous machine.

His narrow nationalism showed itself, also, in other fields. National education, for example, was one of his most cherished policies. Yet Mexico was pitifully weak in resources for an educational campaign. It lacked

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teachers; it lacked means for the training of teachers; it lacked administrative personnel suitable for educational endeavor. But, with all this void, Calles scorned proffered aid from abroad, avowing fiercely his dread lest the children of Mexico pass under foreign tutelage and lose their essential Mexicanism.

THE stubbornness of the man was best exemplified in the battle—for it quickly became a battle — with the Church of Rome. Calles, as anyone who discussed the topic with him could see clearly, was convinced that the Roman hierarchy in Mexico was doing its utmost to combat the Revolutionary project and nullify his attempt at realization. To his mind, it was the arch agent of *The Reaction.* Accordingly, with the full sanction of the Revolutionary Constitution, he set out to smash the Church as an independent factor in the life of Mexico. His measures were harsh, and his methods brutal; but his feelings were too deep to admit of temporizing. By the exercise of the greatest self control, he could discuss the most trying of his other problems in a relatively dispassionate manner; but the religious issue almost invariably would provoke the most violent outbursts of uncontrollable rage.

Such was the man raised to solitary preëminence in Revolutionary Mexico by the assassination of Alvaro Obregon. It was inevitable that, without hesitation, he blamed that very assassination on his arch foe, the Church; and there is every reason to suppose that he spoke his innermost prejudiced conviction in so fixing the responsibility. It was equally inevitable that the problem confronting him as the Master of Mexico was a problem of personalities. A great, dominating and militant figure had been suddenly removed from the national scene. Others were certain to seek to wield his mighty sword.

The Agrarians, quite naturally, occupied the immediate foreground. Obregon had been their patron. With his blessing, they had embarked years before upon their programme of spoliation, and he had condoned their bloody excesses. The prospect of his ascending again to the Presidency had sharpened their appetites to a razor edge. Then, just as the feast was theirs to devour, it had been snatched from their very lips. Little wonder that they raged. Their leader was Antonio Soto y Gama, a veritable firebrand, who had been among the first to proclaim the gospel of Revolutionary Agrarianism. He had been one of the most active agents of rural Radicalism, and his zeal had won him a place on a committee of public safety formed to punish the enemies of the Revolution. He was the Agrarian leader in the National Congress, and, probably, the best political orator in Mexico. The more dignified figureheads of Agrarianism, like Aaron Saënz, nominal manager of the Obregon campaign, could but follow in his fiery wake, either attempting to subdue or adding new fuel to the flames.

SOTO Y GAMA himself dragged into the foreground Luis Morones, the head and front of Revolutionary Labor in Mexico. Morones was the father of the political labor movement in the Republic. He had been given a post of great importance in the Calles Cabinet, and had been one of the most active members of the Calles ad-

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ministration. But he and Obregon had clashed openly and violently. For months before the killing of Obregon, it had been growing more and more obvious that the Revolution could not hope to contain them both. At Obregon's monster demonstration in Mexico City following his nominal election, there had been loud and significant cries of "Death to Morones!" Instead, a few days later, death eliminated Obregon. Soto y Gama promptly demanded the elimination of Morones, whom he charged with the intellectual authorship of the assassination.

But, while these two personalities gyrated and shouted so conspicuously in the spotlight, there stood in the background the dark, silent little figure of an Indian warrior, Joaquin Amaro, Minister of War in the Calles Cabinet. Only a few years earlier, this swarthy Red Man, barefoot and with rings in his ears, had been the chieftain of a roving band in western Mexico. By sheer ability, determination, and assiduous study, he had raised himself in the Revolutionary ranks to the grade of General of Division and the post of Minister of War, the most important in the Cabinet. Step by step, he had prepared himself for the ascent. The half-naked Indian of earlier years had become a feared and respected warrior of parts. More than that, he had learned the customs of the white man. Polo and golf became essentials features of his life. A trained valet contributed a share to the making of a soldierly man of the world.

To the Army, with Joaquin Amaro at its head, Plutarco Calles turned when the first wild waves of rage and fierce disappointment threatened to engulf his Government. Ignoring the politicians of Agrarianism and Labor, he addressed his vital appeal for support directly to the soldiers of the Nation, hoping that they would be loyal to the hand that had so thoughtfully fed them. The Army, he knew, cared little for political agitators, were they Agrarians or Laborites. A loyal Army, he felt certain, guaranteed the maintenance of the authority of the Central Government, no matter how violently raged the political storm.

As this is written, the Army remains steadfast, and Calles still stands. With characteristic intensity of purpose, he bends to the task of saving from self-destruction the Revolution that raised him alone to supreme authority, the sole survivor of its chieftains. Other figures flit into the spotlight in bewildering succession, only to pass out again into the shadows; but Calles works on. And all the while, at home in Mexico and abroad, the conviction grows that the choice is Calles or chaos.

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The Drama of "Dryness"

By A. F. Van Bibber, M.D.

The President of the Harford County Medical Association portrays the Comedy, the Tragedy and the Farce of Prohibition as it is practised in rural Maryland

I—The Comedy of It

Mr. S——, an elderly and likeable Irishman, walked into my office, faking a cough. "Uh—*huh!* Uh—*huh!* Doctor, I think I must 've caught the epizootic! I'm all shtopped up with a cold, and I've come to see if you won't give me a preschription for a pint of whiskey!"

I said "Sit down, Mr. S——, and let me look you over." And when I put my stethoscope to his chest I quickly discovered three things: first, that he had no cold at all; second, that his breath was reeking with alcohol; and third and most important by far, that the old man's heart was fibrillating badly. Without comment, I drew up to my desk and wrote a prescription for digitalis.

"Now I want you to go home and go to bed and take this medicine according to directions," I said; "your heart action is bad and you've got to be pretty careful for a while."

"All right, Doctor, I'll do what you say," he answered, without the least appearance of interest in my advice; "and now, about the prescription for whiskey?"

"I'm very sorry, Mr. S——," I replied, "but I can't let you have it. It would be very bad for you."

"Oh, now, Doctor! don't say that! I came specially to get it!" and the old fellow displayed some agitation for the first time.

"I know you did, and I'm very sorry," I said; "but it just won't do. Tell me, when did you have a drink of whiskey last?"

"Why, I haven't touched a drop for a week!" and he looked as innocent and candid as a small boy answering his mother that he has not been in the pantry. That shameless lie provoked me somewhat, so I took a rather mean revenge. "I'm glad to hear that," I said, "because, although it *might* be a question whether you ought to stop your whiskey short off if you were drinking now, I'm perfectly sure you mustn't start it, since you haven't had a drink for a week!"

The old fellow looked aghast. He saw he had said the wrong thing, and it was too late to change it. "Oh, come now, Doctor!" he begged, "please do write me a prescription! If your father was here he'd say, 'Go on, Armfield, let him have it!'"

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"That's a pretty hard plea to deny, Mr. S——," I said regretfully, "but I can't do it, I'm sorry to say. In the condition of your heart it would be very dangerous, and it would be an act of malpractice on my part."

"Now listen, Doctor!" — this was his last desperate plea — "if you say it would be bad for me, I will pledge you my word of honor as a gentleman that *I won't touch it*, but just give it to me anyhow!"

II — The Tragedy of It

One afternoon, as I was sitting in my office with a patient, my doorbell rang so violently that I went to the door myself. A stranger said; "Doctor, we've got a man in the car and we want you to see if he's dead!"

I found a big, powerful automobile standing across the street, surrounded by five hard looking characters. On the back seat was the corpse of a young farmer. A moment's examination showed that he had been shot through the body. The spokesman for the party merely told me that they had "found him in the woods!"

I didn't like the appearance of things at all, and so I called up the State's Attorney. He questioned the men and learned that they were Prohibition officers who had been raiding a still. It was the celebrated Wenger case. The papers were full of it, and it is unnecessary to go into the story. Poor Wenger, unarmed and helpless, died in the woods, drilled through by a rifle ball. The Prohibition officers denied killing him, although they were forced to admit that they had been shooting their guns wildly while pursuing three men who ran from them. Their story was that they just happened to find Wenger, dying, in the woods, when they were on their way back to their car, after smashing the still. They had no idea how he got hurt! They were perfectly certain that *they* didn't do it! The State's Attorney questioned them separately and found discrepancies in their stories, so he sent them to jail. Then the mighty Government of the United States bestirred itself in behalf of its minions. The agents were quickly snatched from the Harford County jail and released on *habeas corpus* and *put back to work at their noble trade!* Then entered "the law's delay". The Maryland Free State pluckily opposed its puny power against the Federal Colossus. The Attorney-General of Maryland carried the case to the Supreme Court.

Naturally, when the shouting and the tumult died and the final curtain came down, the agents were triumphantly acquitted and vindicated.

But Wenger, inoffensive citizen of Harford County, is just as dead as though the bullet that entered his back as he ran had come from a German rifle during the late unpleasantness.

III — The Farce of It

One night, shortly after Christmas, I came downstairs at a patient's house. "Mother and baby were doing well," and the time had come for the doctor to go home and get a little sleep before breakfast time. The newly-made grandfather shook my hand enthusiastically, and asked me if I ever took a drink? I admitted the soft impeachment, and he led me out to the dining room and with ostentatious pride opened the door of his sideboard and proceeded to extract bottles and set them out until there stood ranged before me the following

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items, to wit: One quart of pre-war rye (I can testify to its excellence, for this is the bottle I sampled), two quarts of Scotch, two quarts of gin, one of rum, one of three star Hennessy, four bottles of wine, including a magnum of champagne, and two or three liqueurs.

"Now take your pick, Doctor!" he said, swelling with pride. "What do you think of that collection? Where do you think I got it? That's a Christmas present!"

"What! all of it?" I asked.

"Yes, all of it! It's a little Christmas present from a friend of mine — a *Prohibition Agent!*"

I don't think any comment is necessary.

* * * * *

I have reached into the reservoir of my memory and selected offhand these three anecdotes to illustrate the three main divisions of the drama. Under each head I could relate plenty more. The word that best describes the whole Prohibition situation among us in good old Harford County is "squalid."

THIS has always been a law abiding, conservative community. Serious crimes have been rare in our history, and as for offenses against the Federal Government, they were almost unheard of before the great Moral Revolution of 1919. At long intervals, some misguided and unfortunate youth might break into a rural post-office and steal a few postage stamps; for him Nemesis was swift and sure, and the penitentiary engulfed him. There was a feeling akin to superstition among the criminally inclined that it was in the highest degree unhealthy to monkey with Uncle Sam. As for "moonshining", that was a far off, romantic business, as alien as Indian *thuggee;* one read about "blockaders", "revinooers" and "moonshiners" in Charles Egbert Craddock's novels of the Tennessee mountains.

THEN two things happened. First, there came an inpouring of strangers from the mountain counties of North Carolina — Wilkes, Ashe and Allegheny. These people came into Harford County, suddenly, in droves. Many of them bought farms, other less affluent fellows found employment on the farms of others. And among them of course were many hereditary moonshiners, veterans at the business. One of the first arrivals of those mountaineers was asked by a curious native if he knew anything about moonshine liquor? "Why, sho' suh! I ben makin' it all my life. Would you like to have some whiskey? Let's see, I reckon I got ev'thing else I need; if you'll supply me with about twelve foot of copper tubin' and a Winchester rifle, I'll make you all you want!"

The second thing that happened was, of course, Prohibition. Immediately the hereditary moonshiners all went to work, and they found many an apt and willing pupil among the natives. Now, there are stills all over the place, and "corn" is very plentiful and cheap, and usually as vile a beverage as the world can offer. Not but what if, as sometimes happens, it is honestly made and allowed at least six months to age in charred wood, it begins to approach the state of being a civilized drink. I have tasted illicit "corn" that equalled the "Bourbon" my father used to fancy in a happier day. But in most cases it is drunk "hot from the still", and is only fit for those who feel like the China-

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man who said, "Me no drinkee for drinkee, me drinkee for drunkee!" Even so, I would much rather force down the acrid, nauseous stuff, reeking with aldehydes (I have done it, out of courtesy to my patients, more than once), than take a chance with some of the more pretentious wares the bootleggers often vend; "Scotch", built up from de-denaturized spirits. The good old "corn" at least is innocent of wood alcohol.

DRUNKENNESS is quite prevalent and is increasing and, worst of all, it involves all ranks of society, all ages and both sexes. A North Carolinian told me the following prodigious story, with the open eyes of wonder. He said that he happened to be at the home of a neighbor of his, also a Tar Heel. Several others were present, when a native Harford County farmer drove in on some business. His host, with true Southern hospitality, asked him if he would take a drink of whiskey. He admitted that he might be persuaded to do so, and the host said to his son, "Bill, git some liquor!" Bill went out and returned with an ordinary water tumbler level full to the brim with "corn", and handed it to the guest, whom we will call Smith. At that point the *mores* of Maryland and North Carolina clashed. The local rule of conduct in such case made and provided is simple. It may be summed up thus: "When you get a chance at some liquor, take all you can, because God knows when you will get any more!" The Tar Heels, who all make it and always have it on hand, do not need to be so hoggish; on the other hand, they are a primitive folk and do not possess much household gear. A supply of whiskey glasses to hand around, for example, would be unheard of. Consequently, they pass the beaker from hand to hand, like a loving cup. That was what they all expected on the present occasion when the glass was handed to Smith first, as the guest of honor. But he accepted it, said, "Well, gentlemen, here's luck!" and poured it down his capacious maw, to the last drop! "Doctor," said my awe-struck informant, "he jist histed hit, give two swallers, and sat down the glass empty!" The company were dashed and disappointed, but too polite, of course, to comment on Smith's curious behavior, and presently he arose to depart. His host, courteous to the last, said "Won't you take another drink before you go, Mr. Smith?" Well, perhaps he *would*, so again the fiat went forth, "Bill, git some more whiskey!" As the latter went out Smith called after him, "Don't fill it quite so full, this time!" But Bill, hoping against hope that perhaps this time there might be some left for the others, again brought the glass level full to the brim, and presented it to Smith, who said; "Here's looking at you!" and sent that half pint after the first!

"DOCTOR," asked the puzzled Tar Heel, "what do you reckon the linin' of his stomach was like after puttin' down a pint of corn likker one week old an' about a hundred and ten proof without ary water at all?"

"Perfectly raw!" was my guess.

"That thar's my notion," he replied, "anyway, he never got home. They done found him in the fence corner next mornin'!"

A curious and illogical distinction is made by the great moralists who direct our lives and dictate our private

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habits. The still for the confection of "corn" is outlawed and destroyed whenever found, but the ciderpress is left in peace. Both beverages are produced in great quantities in Harford County, and I assert as a physician with thirty years' experience that there is little choice between them as agencies of drunkenness. Quantity for quantity, the distillate, of course, packs a wickeder punch; but it is as easy to procure and to imbibe a quart of cider as a pint of corn, and I have frequently encountered cider a quart of which would do as much execution as a pint of any corn liquor that ever dripped out of a worm.

One day I was driving along a country road with a professional colleague. We approached a mill, and my friend suggested that we pay the miller a call, explaining that he usually had some good cider. So we went in and I was introduced to a lean, solemn individual with a long, serious horse face. The doctor explained our visit by saying that he had told me he thought we might get a drink of cider. "Well, yes," said the miller, after a long, anxious wait, "I've got some cider. I made it yesterday." Long pause. Then, "and I've got some a little bit older." Another long pause. "And I've got some that's *still* older." Pause. "And some that's a great *deal* older! Now, which would you like to try?" I said that for my part, I thought I'd prefer the cider a great *deal* older, my friend the other doctor felt the same way, and so the miller broached a keg that had been sealed up for a whole year; and I will state here and now that it was a noble drink!

One very serious consequence of the present régime, of course, is the breaking down of respect for law in general on the part of the young and the unthinking, and the loosening in particular of regard for property rights, in other words, for common honesty. It is certainly not safe or wise to allow valuable property to be stolen with impunity because by an arbitrary law that form of property is outlawed.

One evening a large truck full of bootleg whiskey broke down on the road in Harford County. The two men in charge asked permission of a farmer to store their truck in his barn. It took them all the next day to make repairs to the truck, which had to spend another night in the barn. At midnight, while the two tired custodians slept, the farmer, who had smelt a rat, sneaked out, got the truck open and stole several cases of whiskey which he hid in the hay mow. Bright and early next morning the unsuspecting truckmen, having paid the farmer well for his hospitality, went on their way. It happened that the farmer's wife had the misfortune that evening to fall and break her leg, and her husband had to take her to Baltimore to a hospital. He was afraid of leaving his loot where it lay in the hay mow, so he confided in his closest friend, another farmer, asking him to remove the whiskey that night to a safer place. The friend did so! He removed it to his own house and hid it safely, and defied the man who first stole it to try to get it back! He told him that he kept a loaded gun by his bed, that he was a light sleeper and that a trespasser would be in danger of his life! The second thief finally watered and sold the whiskey, clearing several hundred dollars by his treach-

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ery and dishonesty. The first thief had to suffer in silence.

When the people who have always been respectable and honest, not from any integrity of character but from the fear of public opinion and the law — (they are, I am afraid, a larger proportion of the population than we like to think) — when they find those restraining influences removed in the matter of a special form of property, they will, of course, immediately turn thief, and from stealing whiskey it is a short step to stealing other things.

MY FIRST story had to do with whiskey prescriptions. To a self respecting physician who honors his profession, this aspect of Prohibition is the hardest to endure with patience. The insolence that presumes to limit my right to prescribe what in my judgment my patient needs, I can never forgive. To dictate to a doctor who is responsible for a human life just how much alcohol he may be permitted to exhibit, to tell him that he may not give more than a pint in ten days to any one patient *under any circumstances*, because, forsooth, the doctor or his patient might divert a larger quantity to beverage purposes — this is grossly to insult the medical profession! And were the limit respected, many cases of pneumonia, typhoid and septicæmia that are saved by the liberal use of whiskey would be sacrificed.

PROHIBITIONISTS who read this article will, of course, place me in one of two categories. They will know that either (a) I am hired by the Liquor Interests, or (b) I am a slave to the appetite for alcohol. Merely for the sake of the record, — for Prohibitionists, of course, will not believe me, — I assert (a) that I am not hired by the Liquor Interests, and (b) while I am not a total abstainer, I am one of the most abstemious men I know. It is no credit to me; I simply have little desire for alcohol, and if I never tasted it again, it would not matter to me.

I am totally opposed to Prohibition, because I try to be a patriotic American and a Christian. Prohibition is equally abhorrent to the genius of this free nation and to Christianity.

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Tin Can Paradise

By Don Knowlton

Who does not recall boyhood adventures like these in that glamorous No Man's Land where Nature makes her final stand against the encroaching city?

It is your city gamin who finds "books in the running brooks". Your street urchin may not know the names of flowers, but he picks them and takes them home. He may stone birds, but he is curious as to their varieties and their habits. He ruins trees and despoils shrubs, but not so much in the spirit of destruction as in that of experimentation. He pokes his nose into every growing thing, to see what will happen. How deep is this muckhole? Can you whittle this branch easily? What sort of flowers are these? What kind of a bug is this? Do spiders really bite? Will this ice break through? So city boys of each generation discover nature anew, and forthwith pursue the thrills of exploration.

Those writers who, in the easy comfort of their steam heated apartments, apostrophize the barefoot boy on the dear old farm, should be sentenced to be such a boy for a period of one year. They would learn that the farm boy has less leisure than any other type of boy under the sun. They would find, too, that after he has chopped the wood, fed the chickens, the pigs and the calves, cleaned out the stables, weeded the garden, turned the churn, helped his mother with the washing, picked the beans and watered the horses, his leisure, if any, is spent more in wishing he were a city boy and in dreaming about the city, than in wiggling his toes in the traditional mud or watching the dear little butterfly. What time the farm boy does have for himself, he must perforce spend within an environment as familiar to him as is your own living room to you. He knows the trees, the flowers, the brook and the pasture, because they are a part of the family workshop. He accepts the glorious out-of-doors as casually as your boy accepts electric lights. His vegetable world is divided into crops and weeds, his animal world into domestic, game and incidental. Beauty, to him, is signified by a movie sign or an asphalt pavement.

No, it is the city lad who is your true disciple of Thoreau. He makes a Walden Pond of a puddle, and a Mount Katahdin of a sandbank. His wilderness is that strange bad land of broken bottles and goldenrod, the city dump.

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When our town is small, we ignore our ravines. As it grows, we avoid them; the builders of the better residences seek districts where the land is politely level. But hovels spread to their edges, overhang their slopes. Soon the city flows around and about them. Anon a railway utilizes their easy grades, and factories and mills spring up on their erstwhile marshy bottoms.

But upon their hillsides, and within their corners, nature remains patiently firm. Here she digs into the trenches, and makes her last dogged stand against that peculiar phenomenon which we label civic progress. And in the sector between the tenements and the sycamores, between the sidewalk and the swamp, we find a No Man's Land.

Nature loses. Inch by inch, yard by yard, the dumps close in upon the valleys, the streams are confined within concrete tubes. At last the ravines are completely filled, and houses and shops rise where once waved the tops of the cottonwoods. But nature never surrenders. She merely retreats, and the perpetual battle goes on and on. The ashmen lay down their barrage, and fling their tin cans into the trenches; nature strangles the cans with vines and hides the ashes beneath willows. An avalanche of gravel buries the willows and the vines; dock and yarrow and ragweed spring into the breach, and the sunflower waves a brave banner. But a few feet have been lost. Nature is gallant, but the ashman conquers.

Meanwhile small boys colonize the dump, as if they were a little people native to its terrain.

Stand, with me, upon a broken washboiler, and look down through the smoke. A narrow ravine, extending to our right, opens below us upon a river valley. At our feet is a slide of cinders, like a talus slope beneath a canyon cliff. Beyond, all is light green, to the railroad track. Further, lies a gray waste, out of which rise scraggly skeletons of trees; it is cold slag. Smell the sulphur! There is the furnace, away off yonder — see, where the dull red glow flares angrily, even at midday? Smoke, orange, blue, and gray, twists above it. Stacks and cupolas, their bases invisible, float in a sea of grimy mist. If you will put your hand upon the washboiler, you will find, beside dirt and rust and soot, fine glass-like particles that scratch. They settle from the steel mill smoke. That other smell — that is the garbage disposal plant. Up the ravine, beneath the perpetual hood of smoke, lies foliage of a darker green. Woods!

In the "flats", across the railroad tracks (where only the big boys go), there is a bottom land called the "bluebells". It is beyond the blast furnace. There is a fence around it, and a man with a club guards the fence. To get inside, two of you start through the fence hole next to the river. When the man with the club chases you, the rest of the "gang" run in through the fence hole by the railroad signal tower. Then the man chases *them*. They hide in the slag heaps, or in the buckeye trees. Then the two "teasers" can sneak in. You all meet down next to the river's edge, out of sight of the furnace, around the bend. When the man with the club gives up the chase and goes back to guard the fence, you can pick flowers.

There are groves of buckeye trees,

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their light green leaves fully unfolded, though the other trees are yet in bud. And bluebells! Wild hyacinths, some call them. Broad lush leaves, and clusters of bell shaped, purple and lavender flowers. Adder-tongue leaves everywhere, and now and then a blossom — white! The ones you sometimes find on the hillsides, up the gully, are yellow. And the purple violets! You could pick all day. But every blossom is flecked with white specks. The blast furnace does that. Pull up that bunch of grass — you didn't know they were wild onions, did you? Leeks, they call them. Wash them off in the river and eat them — they're good!

The buckeyes and the bluebells, the addertongues and the elderberries, are bounded by a line as definite as a sea shore. Across this line, all is gray and hard. It is slag. It slopes from the spur track of the railroad down toward the "bluebells". Every year it grows wider. Soon the "bluebells" will be gone. The cold slag still shows the tortuous twistings of its slow flow. There are bubbles and queer glass-like slivers. In some places the surface is cracked into thousands of little squares. It is still hot, over there by that dead elm tree.

A "HOT tamale" train rumbles out from the furnace yard. It consists of a switch engine and six giant kettles. It stops. The men begin to turn great levers, round and round. Slowly the first kettle tips — its seething red-hot burden bulges the "skin" on its surface, breaks through, pours over the edge in a tinkling, sizzling stream. It roars, foams, crackles, smokes, gains headway, comes hurrying over the cold slag like a slow waterfall. Nasty little flames, of all colors, play upon it. See the "heat" in the air! The molten stuff flows on, to the edge of the cold slag, on over the edge, upon the violets, around the trunks of the buckeye trees. They snap and steam and burst into flame. That is what volcanoes do. The flow stops, hardens, glows — turns gray, while you watch. Tomorrow it will be hard enough to walk upon, but you must run to keep from burning your shoes.

WHAT's new on the dump today? Old daffodil bulbs from the greenhouse — take them home and plant them, they'll come up next year. No, let's save them for a fight. They squash on a fellow's head. Those shell-like imprints on that crushed stone are fossils; a man who knows told me. Come on, jump on these bed springs! Here's a barrel — how far can you walk on a barrel? We'll take it up to the sidewalk. No, let's see how far down the hill it will roll. Bet I can smash a bottle on that rock before you can. An inner tube — slingshots! Here's a busted umbrella. Save the ribs, they're swell to shoot paper wads with. Hey, come back with that old tire pump! We can squirt water with it.

Some boys scavenge to destroy still further all that they find; some, merely because of normal curiosity; but certain youngsters there are who haunt the dumps because of a perverse thriftiness, and gain a mean joy at getting something for nothing. They collect the old iron, and tote it home to sell to the rag man; they gather broken dolls, "busted" toys, planks, bottles, a vast assortment of junk, which they guard jealously, and over which they gloat with a peculiar pride. The fathers of these boys count the

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number of matches in a box; their mothers save string. Such a boy, in later years, develops into that melancholy individual who recommends to the office manager that the scrub women save all the used clips and rubber bands that they find on the floor. These lads are not popular on the dump. To most boys, the bigger the bottle, the louder the crash.

On the ridges that lead down from the dump to the bottom land there is a tangle cut with a thousand paths. It thickens as Autumn advances. Syringa has run wild here, and makes splashes of fragrant white, in June. Sumach, the thorns, elder, scrub willow and blackberries survive. Ailanthus here and there supplants dying oak and ash. Vines run riot, looping across paths, bridging washouts, climbing far up on the dump itself; woodbine, bittersweet, poison ivy, matrimony vine, and that annual which is the pest of our gardens, the "wild cucumber" — from the seed pods of which may be extracted tiny "pairs of pants".

By midsummer the harsh slopes of the dump are thick with greenery. Bouncing Bet, that hardy coarse perennial imported from the gardens of Old England, loves to go a-slumming, and covers whole hillsides of cinders with its dirty-lavender blossoms. The wild morning glory flaunts its trumpets upon the steepest slopes of trash. Tomato plants grow rank amid empty tomato cans. Sunflowers rise eight feet tall above barrel hoops and scraps of wallpaper. But the most valiant of the warriors are burdock and yarrow. Burrs may be used to make toy baskets, but are much more productive of results if stuck in little girls' hair.

Under the sumach, on the ridge, the entrance to a cave may be artfully concealed. Tin cans, torn open and flattened, serve as shovels. Three boys working after school for two weeks can dig a hole five feet deep and four feet square. Cover this with rotten planks, poles, sod and tin, and batten it with mud and grass. Leave one hole for the entrance, and another for the chimney — you'll find an old stovepipe on the dump. There's the place to read *Kidnapped* or *Treasure Island!*

But real adventure waits in the swamp below. It spreads from the foot of the hill to the railroad, a quarter of a mile away. From the top of the dump, you look down upon a waving pattern of varying shades of green — the dark green of the cattails, the light green of the sedge grass that cuts bare legs like a knife, the shiny deep green, tinged with bronze, of the tall swamp grass. The wind scuttles through it; swells traverse it in rythmic sequence. It shows, from that distance, not a mark of human spoilation.

Go down to the swamp's edge, however, and its deception becomes visible. Half hidden in those acres of ooze lies an assortment of refuse which it would require a volume to inventory. The swamp is traversed by paths of definite objective—one to the "gully", one to the "bluebell", one to the railroad track, used by the furnace hands, one to the swimming hole in the canal, and a dozen more. Each path consists of a succession of objects half-protruding from the black water, upon which a second's foothold may be had — a big tin can, a stone, a plank, a stump, an iron wheel, a wire mesh, a railroad tie, a cement block, a

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chair back, a log, an auto fender, a nail keg. This is precarious going; only by practice can the adventurer escape dry shod, and a boy's prestige depends upon how few "wet feet" he gets in making the crossing. The term "wet foot" is purely technical. No one ever comes home from the swamp with dry feet. But that does not matter. It "doesn't count" unless you go in over the shoe top.

HERE and there narrow channels of black water wind through the swamp. Here are minnows, called "trout", which may be captured with a net. In the brackish warm pools by the swamp's edge, black pollywogs waggle into the deeper water as soon as they see your shadow. If you are quick, you can catch one and watch it flop in your palm. Oval black-silver bugs whirl and whirl upon the water's surface. Reach down into the cattail roots, and bring up tiny snails with spiral shells. They will live in the goldfish bowl, if you give them plenty of drug store "seaweed". In the middle of the swamp there are ponds bordered by button-bush and arrow leaf, and there frogs lie on the water's surface, in the warm summer nights, and say, "B-r-r-r-o-o-m!" If you are brave, take a flash-light, after dark, slide down the dump path, leave your shoes and stockings and trousers at the swamp's edge, work your way inch by inch out through the swamp, feeling carefully with your bare toes, for there are nails and bits of iron and rusty cans and pieces of glass in that swamp muck. Hear that "big boy" booming just ahead? Steady — there he is! His eyes are as big as shoe buttons, and his throat yellow as a daffodil. "B-r-r-r-o-o-m!" Easy, there — sneak up on him. Keep the flash right in his eyes — nearer — one swift grab with the right hand — you've got him! He's a beauty! His hind legs are as big as drumsticks. Skin him whole. Mother will raise the very deuce, but she'll fry him for breakfast.

In May, there are golden buttercups lying low in the edge of the swamp, and white cress blooming in the grassy places. Watercress, in the channels where the little streams run free, goes well with bread crusts. Among the cattails, away out there, waves the dainty swamp iris. Who'll wade out and get it? In the stagnant pockets the water is green with algæ — "frog spit", in the language of "down the hill". Cattails, dried and then soaked in kerosene, make torches for a parade. In the fall, when you are gathering frost tinted leaves for the first school party, stay up on the hill, among the scarlet scrub oak and the yellow bittersweet with its crimson berries. Do not go out into the swamp, to pick the spreading red-purple foliage of that queer shrub. It is poison sumach. Your arms will swell up like balloons and itch for a month, if you touch it.

IN SUMMERS of drouth, sometimes the whole swamp becomes as dry as tinder, and as inflammable. The ground beneath the cattails consists of a matted down deposit of vegetable material, not quite so compact as peat. Set fire to it, and the very ground itself will burn to the water level, leaving a great hole filled with blue-grey ashes. It may smolder for a month, eating its way inch by inch through the swamp.

But in flood time, the very tops of the cattails disappear. Sometimes, in the winter, when the river has over-

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flowed its banks, a sudden freeze fixes a coating of ice five or six feet above the ground level. Come on, skaters! Will it hold us? Look down through the ice — you see the cattails beneath, and the tops of the buttonbushes. Don't let Elmer try it, he's too fat, he'll break through, and that will spoil it for everybody. Here's "rubber ice". Skate fast, or it won't hold you. Feel it sink as you skim over!

When the water "goes out", such an ice coating remains firmly supported by the tops of the alder bushes. Chop a hole, and drop through. You are in a cavern with an ice roof. The light is dim and green. All is familiar — the paths, with their stones and tin cans and logs, the bushes, the channels of black water. Familiar, and yet unreal, beneath the ice.

On up the hillside stretches the blanket of snow; concealing, softening, lending even to the dump itself the purity of a country landscape. Only tiny round balls of soot, on the top of the snow, are evidence of the city. Coasters crowd the hills. The runners of a thousand sleds have worn paths smooth as a dance floor. Bobs bound down, holding ten or twelve at a time; the steersman misjudges, and they hurtle over a bank. What, haven't you a sled? Dig up a big tin can, that universal implement of the dump; split it, pound it out flat. Sit on it, toes tucked in, head down, and down you go, whirling round and round, borne on an erratic journey, like a chip in a riffle.

When the thaw comes, the round balls of soot spread into a uniform sticky dirtiness. Bottles, staves, old brooms, broken handlebars, emerge from the snow. Soon the blanket has melted completely, and the dump lies naked, the supreme instance of urban ugliness.

Yet, within the month, appear the first blades of green, shooting up through the soiled tangles of last year's grass. There is a song sparrow in the bittersweet. A whole flock of juncoes converse on the ash heap. As spring progresses, come kildeers, catbirds, orioles, bobolinks, thrushes, oven birds — even a few warblers. Crows caw solemnly as they fly in single file over the tops of the furnace cupolas. Robins dispute the rights of the English sparrows. And in the swamp, arrives the familiar summer resident who nests in cattails and rises so jubilantly above them, proclaiming his "ocharee" — the red winged blackbird.

There are two recollections of "down the hill" which I treasure above all others.

Beyond the swamp, across the freight yards, over the trestle and past the coke pile, is a stretch of the canal along which neither dump truck nor slag kettle have left their tracks. Here, cottonwoods, sycamores and willows still flourish. It is late September; school will start within the week. It is a time for somber reflection. I peel off my clothes meditatively, and shove off upon the oily surface of the muddy water, which tastes of chemicals, muck, and refuse unspeakable. I lie on my back, kicking lazily, and "steamboat" up and down the canal. Along the banks, pink hibiscus flaunts its showy simple blossoms. Behind are massed ironweed, goldenrod, boneset, and teasel. Across the path lean evening primroses, their delicate yellow blossoms set on the coarsest of stalks, like artificial flowers poorly made.

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Above me the leaves of an overhanging cottonwood lazily rattle in every breath of wind.

THE second picture is that of a clear November morning, before sunrise. I am to "try out" for the high school debating team, and run to the dump that I may rehearse in safety. Up and down a narrow ridge path I stride, declaiming, gesturing, puffing my chest in feigned confidence. But my subject is forgotten, my oratory is hushed in reverence. This is a fairy country! All is transformed. Jack Frost has been here with his magic paint pot. He has made of the dock a crystal piece; and of the dying goldenrod, a shred of Irish lace. He has traced ferns upon the bottles, mosaics upon the tin cans. Every grass stalk has become an elfin wand. Titania has her bower under yon bale of torn chicken wire — who else would inhabit that exquisite labyrinth of hoar frost? Here is sheer witchery — blue asters, their live petals fringed with jewel dust. Upon the fallen dull red sumach leaves are painted arabesques. So I stand, transported, until the red round sun peeps over the top of the blast furnace.

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The Perils of Literacy

By Maria Moravsky

"Reading," quoth Bacon, "maketh a full man." But what, pertinently inquires the author of "The Fire Bird," if it makes Americans so full as to cause mental indigestion and to suppress thought?

I came to America with the firm belief that the more newspapers, magazines and books there are in a country, the more intelligent its people are. For the last few years, this belief has been slowly disintegrating.

In Russia, we were always starved for reading matter. I remember the peasant boys running alongside the train which passed slowly by some non-stop station, and crying:

"Little lady, give us old papers!"

Russian laborers used to pool their savings, ten kopeks each, to buy one new book for a rouble, to be read in turn. Libraries were few and far between. Revolutionary propagandists used to say that "the lack of enlightenment" was chiefly due to the lack of reading. Literacy seemed salvation.

Having heard about your many newspapers and — wonder of wonders! — a free library in every larger town, I expected the masses here to be far more intelligent than in Russia. This preconceived notion was so strong that it took me ten years to realize that it is not so.

The truth is, as I see it now, that an average American is no more intelligent than an average Russian. Perhaps, even, in matters requiring independent thinking, in philosophy and religion, he is less intelligent. The army intelligence tests, unfair as they were to the poor bewildered private, support this opinion. Although I never believed in that "intelligence of a twelve year old" and "the nation of morons" libel, I must admit that the official intelligence tests injected into me a generous dose of doubt. I pondered over this matter until I realized that Americans are not as intelligent as they should be, because they read too much. (And that is a dangerous admission for a novelist to make.)

You see, you have more words than you can possibly use. The poorest and the richest in culture, Americans are too verbose; except, of course, Mr. Coolidge. You also have more ideas than you could arrive at independently. Newspapers see to that. Brains like gums shrink and degenerate from too much predigested food. Not being called on to work for a long time, they refuse to function.

How to make an average man think,

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if he is given all his opinions ready-made? I do not know. Presenting problems to him is of no avail. There are debates especially staged for the problem-hounds, with all the *pros* and *contras* neatly presented for their choice. General opinion to the contrary, those debates do not promote thinking as much as solitary pondering over a problem would. The best proof of it is that hermits, voluntary or forced, have ideas more original although fewer of them than gregarious people attending many debates.

HAVING an insatiable curiosity about people, I went out of my way many a time to meet different kinds of them, and I have found that the American farmer, especially of the smaller communities, has been doing more thinking than an average city man. To be sure, he has fewer ideas, but they are better tested by his own mind. Perhaps this is why he is more stubborn, less open to persuasion. It is not conservatism so much as the feeling of ownership. When you get your idea second-hand, you deal with it as with unearned money: easy come, easy go. This is why city people are more open to persuasion. It is not always because they are more broad-minded, but because changing ideas is as easy for them as changing clothes; tomorrow they will have more of them; papers, books, debates will cram them full of thoughts "given away".

Not so with a backwoods farmer; ideas do not come so easily to him. He reads less, listens less to the radios; he has to work for his ideas, gather them with an effort as he does his harvest. This is why, once having arrived at a conviction, he is not easily dislodged from his mental property.

The Russian peasant is even more stubborn than the American farmer. He has still fewer ideas, but they are very genuine. During the long winter months, there are hours when he has nothing to do but think. When some problem, to which tradition has no answer, presents itself, he has to solve it himself, because he is illiterate.

His fellow villagers are in the same boat. This is the reason why Russians are so talkative. Having nobody, in the small village, to stage a debate conducted by professional intellectuals, the Russian *moujik* gets together with other men and talks himself hoarse. And when he talks he actually thinks. He has to, because even now, with all the Soviet propaganda, comparatively few printed words reach him to tell him what to think.

WITH Americans it is different. There are about thirty books published every day, so my publisher tells me. The Sunday paper alone contains enough words and — yes — ideas to forestall an average person's thinking for a week ahead. No sooner a question arises in his mind than it is answered by a professional writer. Facts, ideas and words, words, words, are poured into his brain as steadily as tropical rain, until the soil of his intellect is so waterlogged that it can produce nothing.

I wonder how many people realize this. If they did, they would go on a reading diet. It seems to me that the saying about little education being a dangerous thing should be changed now-a-days. In America, it is too much education which is, indeed, a dangerous thing.

To be sure, this is more or less true

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the world over. We stagger under the burden of ideas hurled at us since we learned how to read. We are swamped with science until we lose all our childish originality. It is mostly children of the pre-school age who express original thoughts at times, the thoughts which their fond mothers term as "cute". Later on, in adolescence, the brightest students are just like well trained parrots. They may astonish the teachers by their ability to memorize facts and even discuss them intelligently, but all those high school and college discussions are imitative. This explains why so many precocious children grow into rather commonplace individuals. At school age they were swamped with formal education, and any grains of originality they might have possessed were washed out by the flood of things they learned.

THIS state of things grows worse as knowledge progresses. Every generation has to learn more history, more astronomy, more literature. No average brain can withstand this avalanche of science and retain all its freshness. Some people dig themselves out of that landslide of knowledge and build up their own personality; those lucky individuals, after passing the aping age of adolescence, blossom out as individual thinkers. But they are few and they are usually especially talented ones. Only a genius can swallow all that the teachers offer him without getting mental indigestion which impairs him for life and makes his brain function only with the help of patent medicine ideas. It is only natural that we lose our originality as we grow up. Seldom there is second childhood, seldom we are born anew to be ourselves.

Some people, especially those engaged in creative work, realize this and safeguard themselves artifically by not learning much. I know many writers who would not read other men's books for fear of being influenced by their style.

I CALL those people who always live on borrowed ideas "human-likes", because they are talking almost like humans, especially when well educated; but you must not be deceived; they are just human-likes, automata of thought, well wound in school and re-wound from time to time by the latest book.

America is full of those human-likes who have all the earmarks of real, live thinking persons, so much so that I have been deceived for years. Listening to them, one might think that those people are intelligent, until one comes upon some five foot shelf from which they gleaned their knowledge and moved it bodily to their mental shelves without even dusting the old facts and ideas. There is not even a spiritual *ex libris* on those books they read aloud to you thinking them to be their own creation.

The art of public speaking, which is so widespread here, helps to create the illusion of intelligence. For years, when I listened to your wonderful speakers, I really believed that when any one of them began a sentence with "I think", he meant it! Only lately I realized that he usually means: "I agree with the book which says so and so." But they seldom give the credit to the author they learned things from, because they are blissfully unconscious of any plagiarism. They honestly think that they think. They are intelligent enough to agree

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with a reasonable opinion and pass it for their own, but they lack creative intelligence.

This is true of the glib speakers and easy "learners" in every country. But in other countries the peril of literacy is not as widespread as in America, because you have far more books, magazines, libraries and speakers' platforms than any other country in the world, not excluding present-day Russia.

This peril of literacy which produces such amazingly intelligent parrots, can be well illuminated by the works of those youthful authors who had so many books published lately. I remember a book on "The New Generation" and a book of poems, one written by a girl of thirteen, whom I happen to know personally, the other by a somewhat younger child. I am not naming them, because I believe that publicity harms children, and they have received too much of it already.

Both those books are intelligently written, and if one did not know the ages of the authors, one might believe that grown-ups had written them. Although literally this is not true, it is so, figuratively speaking.

My little friend who has written so audaciously about the new generation, has been listening to discussions in her mother's home for years, since she was a baby gifted with an amazingly retentive memory. Some of the sentences she liked most she incorporated bodily into her book; others she changed slightly, with the help of her mother and her publisher. Although there are quite a number of sound ideas in the book, you can trace each one to its original source. The child, brilliant as she is, did not express so far a single thought of her own.

The same thing is true about the child poet who has written several volumes of verses, aping every conceivable school of poetry. She is almost as marvellous as the newly discovered finch which knows three hundred sounds, although it is only as large as a thumb. She is as those parrots found in Africa, which could speak the language of an extinct tribe. Even if they understood what they were saying, it would not be their own parrot language.

America is full of precocious children, grown up. An average American can discuss all things he reads about in his paper, and discuss them with seeming intelligence. But that intelligence is deceiving. It is not creative, but passive. Try to deprive him of his newspaper for a few weeks, and he would lose a great deal of his ability to discuss things about which he did not read a single editorial comment.

Nothing can be done about it, except realizing it. People overfed intellectually must not think that they are rich because they have many ideas. Those ideas are seldom used. They are like money in the safe-deposit vault. They pay no dividend. Many a well educated person here could get along as well with a three hundred word vocabulary as a truck driver does (I beg the pardon of the truck drivers' profession; it was picked at random). In fact, many a college boy reverts to the three hundred word vocabulary soon after he leaves college. (Judging by the college stories one reads in the magazines, he never

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uses even as many as that.) For private use, he needs no more.

Even the crossword puzzle craze, in which some of us saw educational value, added but few words to the active vocabulary of the average person. He knows those words, but he has no use for them. And he, at least, is honest about it. He does not use what is not his, he leaves alone the wealth he did not earn. His mind refuses to be a scarecrow clothed in vast garments several sizes too large for it. He modestly subsides on his few dozen everyday expressions seasoned with slang.

It is the well educated professionals, especially popular writers, who represent the real peril of literacy. Judging by the stories they write, they have no more original ideas than their readers. But they do love to dress their skinny brain children in flowing robes of eloquence. An author of that kind needs seven to ten thousand words to narrate a story which illustrates the somewhat illusory belief that honesty is the best policy, or that collaboration between capital and labor is a desirable thing. His characterization of a villain spread over a thousand words, says just that the man was an average, everyday villain. The author might just as well have said only "the man was bad". His description of a charming young girl never varies in essence; only the color of her eyes and the dresses she wears are different at times.

There are pages in popular magazines which are good literature. There are gem sentences in which the meaning and the way of expressing it are neatly balanced. Economy of words clothes fullness of ideas. But those gems are found not in the stories but on the advertising pages, artfully joined by fiction.

Since the space is expensive there, the authors of advertisements have to be thrifty. They do not waste words. They aim well before shooting. They shoot at your attention to pierce it surely, to stop it from wandering. But the ideas they express, though admirably presented, are negligible. It is hardly an achievement to tell you, be it even with the rarest felicity of expression, that your children should eat hot cereal for breakfast. Still, from the viewpoint of style, it is better reading than the elaborately presented platitudinous fiction.

Professional intellectuals, as well as the average literate people of America, both suffer from intellectual obesity. They are given more nutrition than their minds can assimilate. And this means that they are poor in creative intelligence. This fact has to be realized previously to finding a cure.

Of course, there are exceptions. All great intellects the world over are exceptions. But everyday people here are doing less independent thinking and creating than illiterate masses of peasants in less fortunate countries.

Speaking about creating; it is a well known fact that backward countries have some sort of primitive art in which everybody indulges. A little peasant girl of fifteen, in Russia, Poland, and, I am told, in some provinces of France and Austria, can compose a song for any occasion. Peasant boys can paint and make wonderful toys. Here — toys are too cheap to go to the trouble of making them. As to poems and stories, too many professionals make them for you.

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Spontaneous acting, community songs created on the spur of the moment, are unheard of in your small towns; you can go to the movies or vaudeville. Spontaneous music making — why, there is the radio. If once in a while some ambitious young man does take up the saxophone, he plays popular songs made for him and all other students of that particular correspondence school of music. Again the peril of literacy is manifest, an enemy of any original endeavor.

Of course, in due time all this will readjust itself. Like the waters of some beneficial flood which sweep away the stored food of many individual efforts, to repay the nation in time by fertilizing the very land they aimed to destroy, the flood of knowledge, dangerously strong, will in time help new ideas to grow. At present, you are too inundated with ready made culture. You are like the dwellers near the Nile, the most productive flood river in the world, which brings disaster before bringing wealth. Just at present, the banks of your Nile are overflowing, and the sooner you realize it the better.

Having so many words and ideas, people will be tempted sooner or later to play with them. They do play with them now, answering questionnaires, trying to win nation wide contests advertising some trivial commodity. They will, by and by, find vital bodies for those many splendid garments of words which they now keep in mental storage, and replace with them the dummy ideas. But they can not accomplish this until they realize that they are overeducated but not intelligent.

Too much education is, in this case, a dangerous thing. It would be worth while to keep in mind not only the blessings but also the perils of literacy.

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Our Blighted Landscape

By Struthers Burt

"Why not do something about this billboard nuisance?" asks an inveterate Conservationist, revealing breezily what he himself has done to wipe out America's roadside eyesores

There are not many things that can't be done, if enough people want them done, and about the only unassailable discovery I have made in some forty-odd years of life is the discovery that no single man discovers anything. There is nothing more astonishing than to cherish what you think is an exceptional feeling, only to find when you make it public that all you have done is to make public what others have been thinking silently.

Until about eight months ago I imagined that I was one of the few persons in the United States who really hated road signs, not to mention hot dog stands and gasoline stations as they exist today; all the absurd and hideous excrescences that have grown up, and are growing up, along the magnificent highways that the nation, the States and the counties are building. At least, I imagined that I was one of the few persons who hated these abuses sufficiently to be willing to do something about them. I knew that Joseph Pennell had waged ineffectual war against them, and every now and then I came across a protesting editorial or cartoon, but for the most part the country seemed content to wallow in the increasing ugliness. And then, quite suddenly and adventitiously, I discovered that I wasn't original at all. I was only one of millions of people, and everywhere organizations, local and national, were forming to combat an increasing nuisance. Indeed, since making my discovery I haven't found anyone who likes road signs. I dare say those who put them up like them, but otherwise they are about as generally an unpopular feature of modern life as can well be imagined. In short, I found myself suddenly in the van of a nation-wide movement.

My knowledge of all this came about in an exciting and consoling way. Unlike a good many of my craft, I cherish no illusions, as I have already hinted, about solitary singularity. I know that singularity can consist only in method, in technique, that is to say, and that fundamentals are invariably the same. The only fundamental difference between man and man is that each man is an indi-

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vidual, and so slightly different from every other individual who has ever been born or will be born. But that after all is again no more than a difference in technique. Each man approaches every problem of intellect or feeling a little differently from his fellows, but the problems are similar and eternal. Whenever you discover yourself wishing anything with sufficient passion, it is safe to wager that thousands of others are beginning to do the same. Therefore it does not injure my vanity when I find that people agree with me, and it particularly does not injure my vanity when these people are just the ones I thought would not.

For a while I must be concretely personal.

For two decades now I have been mixed up with Conservation in its larger terms, with forest preservation, game preservation, and the National Parks. There are two sides to this form of Conservation, as there are to all forms of Conservation; one definitely material and businesslike, the other æsthetic. It is definitely good business to conserve your forests and natural resources, and recently it has been recognized as definitely good business to reserve certain portions of the country so that people can go to them and find the quiet, rest and illumination which can come only from nature left more or less alone. You don't have to argue with people about these truths any more, although twenty years ago you did. Even the lumbermen agree, and in the ranks of the lumbermen you will find some of the most earnest Conservationists. But the majority of convinced Conservationists go further. The majority of convinced Conservationists are born not made. They have a peculiar form of patriotism. They regard their country, everywhere, throughout, as an entity, an individual, with rights of its own, one of the rights, naturally, being a right to comeliness. They do not agree that you have a right, even on your own property, wantonly to make this country obscene; to treat it as a pimp treats his woman, extracting money from her regardless of her morals, beauty or personality; to treat it as a dump heap or a gold mine. Nor do they think this in the least necessary. To the contrary, they believe that beauty and neatness are also business assets, and that there is no human occupation which cannot be made fairly seemly and unobtrusive if someone will spend a little money, exert a little patience and use a little time. Money, patience and time that will pay not only cash dividends, but dividends in far more important human values.

In other words, the convinced Conservationist believes not only in distant Conservation but also in what might for lack of a better term be called backyard Conservation, neighborhood Conservation. He believes not only in saving mountains, forests and lakes, but also in saving his own highways, woodlots and adjacent meadows.

This is a more subtle idea than the first. It is always easier to be kind to something at a distance than it is to be kind to something close at hand, and so, of course, this idea developed later; but it is developing, and rapidly. Once it has thoroughly emerged, in American fashion it will sweep the country. It is even possible to predict

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that in twenty years a man who maintains a dirty lawn, an ugly business building, or a destroying coal mine, will be regarded as the same kind of casual fool as the man who now slashes a tract of forest or throws newspapers out along a highway. Slowly but surely people are learning that decency is profitable and that use and beauty are seldom, if ever, incompatible. Indeed, as I have said, use *plus* beauty pays six per cent. instead of five.

Personally, I would not have the majority of people approach this problem in any other way. If you involve a man's pocketbook, you involve his continued interest. And that is fair enough. Long ago I learned, fighting for forests, game and National Parks, that only the very rich can afford to be completely altruistic. The others have to earn a living. You must couch your arguments in terms of that living. Not a bad thing for the Conservationist, either. The reconciliation of beauty and good business makes the Conservationist think, and that humanly. There is today no more dangerous man to the cause of Conservation than the rich fanatic — unless it be the poor fanatic.

MEANWHILE, you will have noticed everywhere factories building beautiful new buildings and setting out lawns and flowers, railroad companies beautifying their stations and rights of way, little towns cleaning up and decorating themselves, big towns talking of boulevards, parks and fountains, and, perhaps most significant fact of all, since they touch so much the lives of everyone, motor cars steadily improving their lines and their adornments. It looks as if for the first time in our history of three hundred years and more we were actually beginning to appreciate the fact that the sense of sight is of equal importance with the other four senses of smell, touch, taste and hearing. Heretofore, most Americans have been visually numb.

NO DOUBT, in all fairness, we must to a large extent thank the automobile for this change of attitude, despite the new problems the automobile itself has presented, not a few of them Conservational. The automobile destroyed isolation, and too much isolation is the mother of shiftlessness. It is all very well to be dirty and slatternly when you've only yourself and a few not-much-thought-of neighbors to consider, but dirt and carelessness are different things when every day the world looks at them. Furthermore, many of the problems the automobile has introduced, among them the state of our highways, have become so pressing that something has to be done about them. The world does move, but as a general rule only when somebody kicks it.

For another thing, the automobile tourist has been steadily educating himself. If you live in the Far West you will appreciate this fact. He has become a good camper, and so, it goes without saying, a clean camper. Nowadays when he travels he wants to see something; he is becoming increasingly tired of slovenly towns and debased scenery.

As for myself, however, I did not approach backyard, neighborhood Conservation in quite such a roundabout fashion. I did approach it to be sure by the way of forests, game, mountains and lakes, but in my case these distant forests, lakes, mountains

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and animals were my closest neighbors. For twenty years now I have been a citizen of Wyoming, and in the part of Wyoming where I live you are either a Conservationist or you're not. There is no halfway position. So, whenever I find myself anywhere I look upon that anywhere with the eye of a Conservationist. I find myself continually wondering why man makes himself so unnecessarily uncomfortable when it would be comparatively simple not to do so.

Two years ago I bought an old house in North Carolina near a small and pleasant town, remodelled it, and decided to spend my winters there. I did this because now I am more of a writer than a rancher, and so, for part of the year, have to be fairly near New York. This winter residence does not, of course, affect in the slightest way my attitude toward Wyoming or my status there. I would never be anything else but a citizen of Wyoming. Wyoming is the most fascinating State in the Union of which to be a citizen. But, being a convinced Conservationist, what might be called a mountain bred Conservationist, I had no sooner settled in my new winter home than I began to look about me with the deep Conservational contempt for the continual killing of the goose that lays the golden eggs — the favorite American form of big game hunting — and the Conservational anger at the insolent disregard of the rights of others that is still, visually, an American characteristic. I was a property owner. By what possible right could anyone — especially a distant corporation — depreciate the value of my property and offend my eye, when already it had been recognized by law that neither neighbor nor corporation could offend my nose? No man, no corporation, could put up an adjacent tannery, therefore why should any man, any corporation, who so wanted, be allowed to put up any number of disfiguring and damaging signs? What was the difference between the eye and the nose? And was there no peace or decency short of the Wyoming which, temporarily, I had left?

I had not far to look for a peg on which to hang my increasing disgust. In the State of North Carolina an interesting condition was presented.

Within the last six years North Carolina has performed a miracle. From having no roads at all, it has reached the point where today, not as yet in actual mileage but in potential mileage and in the condition and management of the roads already built, it has the finest road system in the United States. Also, in Mr. Frank Page, it has the finest Road Commissioner. North Carolina is proud of its magnificent roads; they are perhaps North Carolina's greatest asset. But not even North Carolina, nor even Mr. Page, has as yet reached the point where it or he appreciates the folly of building these roads and then permitting them to be partially ruined by a parasitical business; a business that pays not one cent of direct taxes, that utilizes these roads, built and maintained by my gasoline taxes, and yours, free of charge, and that has not the slightest consideration for our comfort, safety or enjoyment.

Think that over. Here is a business that lives because of us, and yet returns us not one cent in value, financially or spiritually; which, in fact,

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does us harm. We pay to be injured; an odd turn of affairs.

There they are, thousands of miles of splendid highways, new miles being built every day, reaching out through a State that for scenery — mountain, central plateau and coastal — is second to none. A State, also, which yearly is becoming more and more of a tourist State, and to which, therefore, scenery is of paramount importance, and a State sufficiently aware of this fact to have set aside recently a great tract of country for a National Park — the Great Smoky National Park. All this, and yet a State, like most other States, permitting these highways to be turned without protest almost immediately into visual nuisances.

Put that together and make common sense out of it.

A good road is a commercial asset, no matter what happens to its immediate surroundings; but in these days of touring citizens and constant movement, the roadbed is only seventy per cent. of the whole. The remaining thirty per cent., a per cent. steadily increasing, lies in the adjacent scenery and in the character of the towns through which the roadbed runs. Why build something and then throw away thirty per cent. of your possible profits?

And, incidentally, don't allow yourself to be beguiled by the present internal campaign among the outdoor advertisers for what they call "a cleaning up"; in other words, a campaign for "bigger and better signs". That merely means a little unnecessary trellis-work here and there and more striking and better posters. A sign is a sign. There is a place for everything. Nothing in its place is bad; everything out of place is absurd. An alligator in a southern stream may be fascinating and an object of interest, but you wouldn't take it to bed with you. The countryside is the countryside and not an art gallery, even if "the young masters" have in mind the ennobling purpose of selling you a tire, a sock, or a collar.

Feeling thus, when I took up my winter residence in North Carolina, I was nevertheless convinced that nobody else bothered much about road signs. Nor were road signs my end of Conservation. All I knew about them were various rumors I had heard, one of which was that if you attacked them, at once, from all parts of the country, famous lawyers gathered to show you just how wrong you were. I had been given to understand that in every State the outdoor advertisers maintained a formidable lobby.

Opportunity, none the less, usually comes to those who cultivate deep enough indignations. Mine came in the shape of an invitation to speak before the annual dinner of the local Chamber of Commerce. I spoke reluctantly and caustically and without hope. Not only do I detest speeches, but I am afraid of a Chamber of Commerce. Possibly the latter state of mind is due to some extent to the fact that in my youth I read *The American Mercury*. Let me whisper something to you confidentially. *The American Mercury* is written mostly by people who've never had dust in their throats, therefore most of it isn't true. It's clever, it is often an excellent irritant, but it isn't true. If a horse has colic you can get him to his feet by putting turpentine on his belly, but the turpentine is neither the

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whole truth about the horse, nor an actual cure for the colic. Chambers of Commerce aren't so bad; nor is the average man. The ordinary man, unless his selfish interests are directly involved, is usually in favor of what is decent and comely, once his attention is attracted to what is indecent and uncomely. The secret lies in attacting his attention without, at the same time, insulting him. Most people insult him. Hence the hopelessness of most reformers and the reason for at least half the existing ugliness and inertia. As far as that goes, all the average reformer has to do anyway to be insulting is just to exist.

However that may be, I made my speech, and it was greeted with cheers. Astonishment number one. Within a week I was asked to become a director of the Chamber of Commerce. Astonishment number two. Within two weeks I found myself chairman of a small, active and vindictive committee appointed to go out and take road signs down if that could be done. Astonishment number three. Astonishment number four arrived when this committee discovered how easy this seemingly impossible task was. The Goliath wasn't such a Goliath after all.

Perhaps our experience will be of value. Any small town can clean itself up, and its neighboring highways — that is, can clean up three-fourths of the mess — with very little expenditure of time and effort, and, by joining the national movement, both as a town and as individuals, can help mightily toward an eventual entire cleaning up.

Road signs are divided into two classes: those of the national advertisers, those of the local advertisers. The highways are pretty evenly divided between the two. Each class presents a separate problem. The first class can be reached only by State and national persuasion and legislation; the second class is open to direct local persuasion and action, as I will show. To aid in the national fight, you should join, and at once, — it won't cost you much, — the National Committee. Its address is, The National Committee for Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, 119 East 19th Street, New York City. The local fight is up to you. But do not forget this; every local action aids national action, and if there is sufficient local action, national action and State and national legislation will follow.

Road advertising is not only divided between national and local advertisers, but there are three other distinct factors in connection with it: the land owner, the advertisers, and the advertising agency. These, also, present separate problems. In order to put up a road sign you must first have an advertiser desirous of advertising in such a fashion; next, you must have an agency to print and erect the sign; and lastly, you must have a land owner willing to rent his land for such purposes. At present the most recalcitrant factor is the outdoor advertising agency. It is these outdoor advertising agencies who must be convinced of the folly of their procedure, and, if this is impossible, be controlled by legislation. But there is increasing hope that the latter course will not be necessary except to make formal and to perpetuate public opinion, and to provide for those few agencies so obstinate and stupid as not to be able to read the

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clear handwriting on the wall. Most outdoor advertising agencies are run by clever men; there are indications that before long they may be among the most enthusiastic supporters of a clean countryside and the restriction of outdoor advertising to commercial districts.

I DO not mean, of course, that there should not be legislation. There should be, else the question will never be settled. But this legislation, like all good legislation, should follow public sentiment and not anticipate it. Good legislation merely cleans up in the wake of public sentiment and puts into statutes the will of the intelligent majority. And this will, in regard to outdoor advertising, is rapidly becoming so obvious that the alert outdoor advertiser will meet it and submit to it before it does him harm. Moreover, there is a curious condition existent in outdoor advertising. It is being attacked from within. There is what might be called sabotage. The outdoor advertising agency is confronted not only by a disgusted public, but by a steadily growing defection among the national advertisers and the landowners upon whose lands road signs are erected.

Within the last two years The National Committee for Restriction of Outdoor Advertising has been able to persuade two hundred and twenty-seven national advertisers and eighteen national advertising agencies to pledge themselves to abandon all further outdoor advertising except in commercial districts, and new national advertisers and national advertising agencies are joining this movement every month. Many of these national advertisers have abandoned outdoor advertising entirely; a sufficient proof in itself that there is something wrong with outdoor advertising.

The reasons for this are simple when explained. The arguments against outdoor advertising as now conducted are so cogent that they cannot be combatted. Some of these arguments I have already mentioned, but I will repeat them and add others. I will call attention to only the more important and more obvious arguments.

OUTDOOR advertising is anachronistic. It is based on a fundamental misconception of modern travel. It harks back to the days of buggies and liver pills. Traffic, both railroad and automobile, now travels at a rate of between forty and fifty-five miles an hour. Furthermore, the road sign has so multiplied itself that one sign kills another. The traveller — and this is especially true of the motorist, although it applies even to the traveller on railways — retains no especial impression of any single product, but, for the most part, merely an irritated impression of a succession of shouting posters.

There are amusing examples of this deadening of reaction and lack of time to read on the part of the travelling public. There is one company that erects huge signs giving a brief history of the towns you are entering. This company regards itself as a public benefactor. It is much more of a public benefactor than a private one, although it would be still more of a public benefactor if its signs were small, artistic and not advertisements. As it is now, the majority of motorists, as you will discover upon investigation, if they read anything at all,

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read the histories — a most dangerous procedure — and remain totally ignorant of the name of this advertising company and its products.

I say "dangerous procedure", and so it is. Here is the dilemma. Most road signs make no impression on the motorist whatsoever, but if they are striking enough to make an impression, then they are dangerous. A fact beginning to be so well recognized that several States are attempting to legislate against road signs on this score, especially against road signs on curves.

For another thing, road signs have back of them no guarantee, as have advertisements in any reputable newspaper or magazine. The motoring public is not only becoming satiated, it is also becoming educated. It is becoming educated in two ways: it not only desires clean roads, clean towns and some degree of pleasure in its expeditions, but it also no longer believes in road signs. A striking example of this is the hotel road sign. Laying aside all other arguments against the use of road signs on the part of hotels, there remains the plain fact that if, for twenty miles, or a hundred miles, or more, you lead and coax a man to your door, you must be prepared, when he gets there, to do more than live up to your promises or else fail utterly. Average performance will not suffice. You have boasted, therefore you have put the newcomer in the state of mind of the man from Missouri. One of the cleverest hotel men I know told me that his company had abandoned all outdoor advertising solely for this reason. If the average hotel would put into food and service what it wastes in road signs, it would be more prosperous; if the average small town would spend the money it spends telling the public how fine it is, in beautifying itself and making itself clean, it would be longer remembered.

Nowadays the motorist sees so many towns that he remembers only the exceptional ones.

Here then is a business that less and less will be able to fulfil its purposes. That is the negative side, and has to do with advertisers and advertising agencies. But there is a positive side that has to do not only with the motoring public but also the general public. Road signs have been over done, road signs are dangerous, road signs are failing in their purpose, road signs are building up against themselves a growing resentment, — what might be called a trade resistance, — while, on the other hand, partly due to this growing resentment, road signs are depreciating rural real estate and injuring the reputation of the small town and the large one. What, for instance, is your impression of a farmer whose land is covered with signs? Do you think his credit or the value of his farm are good? Do you admire his intelligence when, for the few dollars a year outdoor advertising contracts will bring him, he sacrifices his reputation for neatness and the potential selling value of his place?

All these arguments and others can be used in your local fight against road signs, and so let us see what the small town kind enough to elect me to the Board of Directors of its Chamber of Commerce has done, and is doing. It is a charming and foresightful town and its name ought to be mentioned. It is the town of Southern Pines, North Carolina.

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The first thing the committee did was to get the Chamber of Commerce to pass a resolution, stating its objections and arguments against road signs. This resolution was sent to the Governor of the State, to neighboring Chambers of Commerce, to both bodies of the Legislature, and to the State motor club. The last, incidentally, immediately swung into line, as all motor clubs will if properly approached. After all, as we have seen, it is the motorist who is largely responsible for the change in sentiment regarding outdoor advertising. This having been done, the local Kiwanis Club and the local Woman's Club were induced to pass similar resolutions and, in the first case, to forward the resolution to all State Kiwanis Clubs and, in the latter, to all State Womens' Clubs. The Kiwanis Club also appointed a committee to coöperate actively with the committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Back of these resolutions, which achieved immediate publicity, not only in the State but outside, was a courageous and intelligent local paper run by a courageous and intelligent editor.

This initial work over, the active work began. The main committees of the Chamber of Commerce and the Kiwanis Club were divided into sub-committees of two men each. These sub-committees had charge of certain sections of the roads running out of the town, north, south, east and west, and it was the job of each sub-committee to remove every sign it could along these sections. In order to spread the work, a letter was sent to each neighboring town asking it to meet us halfway along these roads and then, in turn, to write a letter to the town beyond, and so on, and so on. Whether this endless chain system will work or not I do not know. It will break, of course, at the first weak link. But it is a good idea, and one well worth trying.

The first duty of each sub-committee was to list and segregate the signs along its section of road, and then to concentrate on those signs possible of elimination. To begin with, each landowner was seen, and, without exception, every landowner consented to the removal of signs once the arguments against them were stated and pride and common sense were aroused. It was astonishing to discover how many signs had been put up without the consent of the landowner, or, if this consent had been given, how often it had been given through carelessness or lack of thought. Only a few signs of national advertisers where rental contracts had been made remained, and for the most part the landowners promised not to renew these contracts when the present leases expired. But that, of course, was not enough. As in everything, other peoples' feelings must be taken into consideration. The advertisers, too, had to be approached. I am speaking of local advertisers. Beyond arousing the pride of landowners, national advertisers must be combatted in other ways as I have indicated, but, where the landowner has consented and no contract has been made, national advertising signs can be taken down without further question. In such cases, tact is not necessary as it is when dealing with local advertisers. With the local advertiser, if tactful argument has no effect, direct action is possible, and it has been used in

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many communities, notably in Hawaii; first, by a gentle boycott of goods until the obstinate advertiser comes to his senses; second, if the consent of the landowner has been given, and there is no contract, by taking the obstinate advertiser's signs down anyway. But these are fairly harsh methods and should be used only as a last resort. For the most part local advertisers are even more sensitive to local opinion than local landowners, and they are, of course, equally intelligent.

THE work is not hard and it is interesting. In fact, it is just as exciting as that other form of big game hunting, killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and it is considerably more sensible. I doubt if any of the sub-committees have so far spent over ten hours all told on the roads, and yet what already has been accomplished is astonishing. Everywhere interest and coöperation have been met with. Garage men, merchants, farmers and real estate men have joined in the enterprise. As to the first, we have hit upon another idea to help beautify and keep decent the highways — we are going to offer an annual prize of a hundred dollars to the gas station, or hot dog stand, within a radius of five miles, which maintains the best planted and most attractive station or stand, and the one with the least possible number of signs. There is a second prize of fifty dollars. This is worth trying, too.

We have been given the most beautiful and varied land in the world. It is about time that we owned up, like men, that we have abused this gift filthily. I am glad to say that it is beginning to look as if a good many of us, like men, were on the point of owning up.

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The Danger Line in the Far East

By Owen Lattimore

An explorer of the Black Gobi's age-old caravan routes discovers there the secrets of Russia's advantages in the international rivalry for Chinese trade

For seven years I had been working in a business firm in China, when I gave up my job and started out on a journey from which I have just returned, one which I had been warned in the first place not to attempt. I made the journey. It took me from China through Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan, and ended eighteen months later in Kashmir. I had been advised not to make the attempt because anti-foreign feeling was running high, especially in the far interior, and civil wars and banditry made travelling additionally unsafe. A big scientific expedition which intended to explore part of the country through which I passed, failed even to get started, though it was lavishly financed and backed up by everything that "influence" means.

I got through because I spoke the same language and travelled in the same manner as the caravan men I met along the road. On that journey I learned things about the trade of China, and the economic values of China's foreign relations, that could never have been learned in any office in a Treaty Port. I learned them from carters and caravan masters, soldiers and vagabonds, as well as from merchants and officials.

At the city of Kuei-hua, near the end of the railway from Peking to the southern borders of Mongolia, from which begin many of the most important caravan roads that lead into the far interior, I found myself forced to take a route hitherto unknown to explorers.

I could not go through Outer Mongolia because the tribes there had broken away from China and become affiliated with Soviet Russia. The Russians, realizing that the Chinese would never be able to bring Outer Mongolia under their rule again unless they were able to control the wealth and commerce of the country, prompted the Mongols to lay an embargo on Chinese trade. The other known roads leading toward Central Asia pass through Shensi and Kansu, the northwestern Provinces of China, and follow one or another of the lines of communication which have been in use since the primitive beginnings of trade. All of these routes, because they are by origin the easiest lines of travel, have been swamped

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by armies ebbing and flowing in the destructive tide of civil war.

THE only way left open to me, the unknown road, was one which had been worked out by the caravan traders in their long, losing struggle against the decline of order and civil security in China. It goes through Inner Mongolia, which has remained under Chinese domination because it is isolated by desert barriers from independent Outer Mongolia. Yet even on this almost secret road, laid out intentionally through the most inaccessible deserts, trade is being sought out and destroyed. Tax-farmers have found their way to it from Kansu and have begun to choke trade by collecting tolls which are not based on any theory of public revenue, but are simply intended for the rapid enrichment of a few individuals.

What are the inferences to be drawn from this gradual shutting off of the trade between the coast of China and the far interior? It may seem a startling assertion, but it is demonstrably true, that this caravan trade, carried on in the manner of centuries long forgotten by the changing West, marked not even by railway stations, but by flickering camp fires in unmapped deserts, is of the utmost importance to the foreign relations of China. It is hard to realize this, because China's advance guard, the men who debate the terms of her international relations with us, are men who, at Washington, Versailles or Pekin, can split hairs over the technical points of international obligations in impeccable French or English.

All trade in the interior of China is handled by the Chinese themselves. Middlemen's profits and profits on transportation all go to the Chinese; beside which, the stimulus to production given by her foreign trade benefits the country at large. Nevertheless the main impetus to the trade as a whole is in the energy and enterprise of foreign merchants at the Treaty Ports. Most of the profits are retained by the Chinese, except for the buying and selling commission of the foreign merchants who ship goods from the Treaty Ports to ports abroad. Yet the growth of the trade has been due to the way in which the foreign merchants have fostered the demand from abroad for Chinese products.

The difficulties of trade in China at the present time cannot be properly understood unless we bear in mind that the general tone of business depends on the export of raw materials. The ports of America, Great Britain and Germany cannot ship piece goods, electrical supplies and machinery to China until Shanghai and Tientsin have shipped out wool, cotton, hides, hemp, wood oil and so forth. Europe and America can use these supplies much faster than China in return can absorb machinery and machine made articles, the use of which the Chinese are only beginning to learn.

AMERICA, alone, buys great quantities of Chinese cotton. It is of a rougher texture than our own, suitable for mixing with wool to make cheap blankets. America is also the most important buyer of Mongolian and Tibetan wools, which come to us through China. They are cheaper than our own, well suited to carpet manufacture, and leave us free to use our own wool for the clothing trade. The enormous growth of the carpet industry in China itself since the War is

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also due entirely to the American demand.

ANOTHER article of which we are the leading buyers is wood oil, which is used in the manufacture of paints and varnishes. Still others are casings and bristles. The list is a long one. It is important to our merchants and our national trade, though our general public knows little of it. If we can obtain these articles from China, credits are established which enable the Chinese to buy such things as electrical plants, rails, locomotives, rolling stock, and machinery for cotton mills and flour mills. In every class of trade America, whenever conditions in China approach the normal, is moving steadily toward the lead.

A civil war in China does not put a stop to our demand for the products of China, but it does put a stop to the market in China for our manufactures. Therefore, if trade is to have a healthy continuity, it is absolutely necessary to keep open the trade routes by which raw materials are sent down from the far interior to the coastal ports. The demand for exports has gone so far inland that the supplies on which a port like Tientsin depends for its foreign trade are not to be found at the wharf where the steamers moor. They are not even at the farthest rail heads, but at the ends of routes almost unknown to the foreign merchants themselves, routes over which carts bump and caravans plod for half a year or so. The length of these primitive routes, and the ease with which they are thrown out of gear by civil wars and bandit disorders, are the chief danger to the trade of nations friendly to China.

The pace at which the conditions of trade are changing increases fast enough from normal causes alone. In addition, external influences in recent years have been operating to confuse economic values with political questions. The resulting confusion is equally important to those who have a business interest in Chinese affairs, and to those whose interest is only theoretical. It is not as if trade were subject only to stoppages of a few weeks or a few months at a time. It is complicated by the appearance of a new commercial factor, and the commercial factor implies also a political interest.

THAT factor is the Russian State Monopoly firms. Russia, on the north, is the only nation with an easy approach to China across a long land frontier. The Russian lines of approach run at right angles to the long-established routes which supply the Treaty Ports on the coast. In the past, competition between the Russians, trading by land, and the other nations, which trade by sea, has not been in strong contrast, because Russian influence was kept at a distance by the Provinces of Chinese Turkestan and Mongolia, which acted as buffer territories. It is only in recent years that the competition has become plain, since the Soviet power has overflowed Outer Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan has been isolated from the rest of China by civil wars in the interior provinces.

Our view of the modern Russian interest in China has been distorted. Most of our observers, in the Treaty Ports, have given an exaggerated value to the political news and to reports of Communist activity. The commercial problem, with its political

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reactions, has never been credited with its proper importance. The plain fact which needs to be pointed out is that the revival of Russian trade depends on the decrease of the Chinese foreign trade in the interior, where the interests of the other foreigners and of the Chinese themselves are bound up together.

ECONOMIC reconstruction in Russia, ever since the Communist party finally gained control, has been hindered by the distrust which the Third International aroused in other countries, causing them to place a check on the flow of supplies. Russia needs raw materials, but her weakened purchasing power cannot compete in any open market. She could not even hold her own in China, commercially, unless the normal channels of trade were blocked, limiting competition.

What makes the entry of Russia into the markets of interior China a danger to the peace of the Far East rather than an extra incentive to the general development of trade, is that the conditions which benefit Russia most are against the true interests of the Chinese themselves. The dealings of the Chinese involve those of all other nationals. They are all bound to suffer from every fresh outbreak of civil war. The Russians alone stand to benefit. Civil wars affect only the routes from the interior to the Treaty Ports, while the routes toward Russia continue to function freely. Reports of Communists being turned out by one Chinese party, or invited in by another, have no great importance. What benefits Russia is not the score of the political game which we see on the surface, but the mere fact that disorder continues to increase.

I travelled from edge to edge of the Far East, right through the heart of the Asiatic continent, and the plainest and most important thing I saw was the new tendency of trade to swing over toward Russia. The Chinese merchants, who are the first people concerned with this new development, would not in the least complain of the arrival of the Russians as buyers. Their only complaint — but it is a universal complaint in Northern and Northwestern China — is that owing to the hindrances on every road down to the coast of China, there is no competition. They are left helpless, to deal as best they can with the prices dictated to them by the Russian State Monopoly firms.

THERE is only one way in which open competition could be established once more in the interior markets which are accessible to Russia. That would be by constructing a railway into Kansu Province, either by completing the present branch line from the Pekin-Hankow line through Shensi, or by continuing the Pekin-Suiyuan line, which now stops at the Yellow River, up past Ninghsia to Lanchow. Chinese prosperity and foreign trade both depend on free communications. Unfortunately, railway construction in China for the immediate future is at a deadlock. On the foreign side, investors have no confidence. On the Chinese side, there is a widespread suspicion that railway loans are one of the most insidious weapons of foreign "imperialism".

The Russians are free from such prejudices. They know perfectly well what can be done with railways. Russia has an open land frontier in the Far East of about three thousand

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miles. It stretches from the Pamirs, in the remotest part of Asia, to Vladivostok on the sea. Along part of the frontier, the future division of power will be between Russia and China. On another part, it will be divided among Russia, China and Japan. All along the frontier, white race and yellow races are bound, in the future, to meet. The advantage will lie with the nation which is the first to make sure of its railway approaches.

Not so long ago, competition for the control of railways was one of the chief causes leading to the Russo-Japanese war. In our own generation, the Russians are pushing on the construction of railways as fast as possible, in order to consolidate Russian power in Central Asia, and aid in the regeneration of Russia under the Soviets.

Further to the East, in Manchuria, competition for the control of strategic railways is once more in evidence, just as it was prior to the Russo-Japanese war. This time, however, the contest is three-cornered. In 1905, Russia and Japan fought out their battles on Chinese territory without the slightest regard for China. In the present manœuvring for advantage, though the military value of China is still doubtful, the weight of Chinese opinion — the difference between hostility and friendship on the part of the Chinese — is of first-class importance.

The special status in Manchuria to which Japan is making a claim, is a bold move of which the world will not realize the potential results until Russia makes her countermove. Viewed from one point, the Japanese policy may be estimated as a desperate surgical measure, designed to isolate the still undamaged and immensely wealthy Province of Manchuria from the chaotic Provinces of China proper. Viewed from another point, it may be regarded as an overt restatement of the challenge that lay like a gage of battle between Japan and Russia in the years that led up to the Russo-Japanese war.

The truth is ironical. There can be no unity in China until the country is knit together by improved communications, enabling the people of the far-separated provinces to realize their country as a whole. Yet the danger line of the Far East is the railway line.

¶ *"Snow Trapped in Dead Mongol Pass." Next month Mr. Lattimore describes his personal adventures during the daring caravan journey across "the Land of the Three Don't Cares", from which he has drawn the foregoing political conclusions.*

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The Archangel and the Bird

By Stewart Edward White

In an engaging fantasy Soupy Whiskers guides his profoundly scientific master into a realization that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy

I have been asked if I ever had any occult experiences. I am a scientist, and I do not think so. But I have had one experience which I do not wish to analyze down to any scientific probabilities. I prefer to keep it as it is. Perhaps it was occult. You may judge for yourselves.

I like to walk in the open. Back of my laboratory is a wooded cañon winding up into the heart of the hills. There are no windows in the laboratory on that side, for I felt that windows could not but bring distraction. Distraction is fatal to the closely applied research in which I am engaged. When I work, I work, as hard as I know how. When I can work profitably no longer, I like to whistle up Soupy Whiskers and walk up the bed of the cañon to its shallow ending below the skyline. From there I can either cut across open downs; or I can proceed up the Pass Road into the higher mountains. Soupy Whiskers prefers the downs on account of the ground squirrels: I prefer the highway because shortly it leads me to a bold outfling where a red cliff overlooks purple depths and milk blue distances. It is a good place to rest, because I have found that for some reason or another my mind goes absolutely blank after I have stared out into this space for a few moments.

The afternoon of which I am going to tell I was especially in need of rest. My mind buzzed and ached. For a month I had been working at a certain problem connected with the properties of light. You would neither understand nor be interested if I tried to tell you about it; but the point is that I had item by item built up a synthesis which proved by experiment, but which left me with a half dozen elements of the situation which to save me I could not combine. I ate, slept, walked and drank that problem. Or rather I attempted to sleep. My deliberate efforts to think of something else for a change were entirely useless. No matter how remote from my subject was the distraction I selected, it invariably within a minute or so brought up a cue word that suggested my difficulties, and before I realized it, there I was back painfully adjusting and readjusting the ele-

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ments of the problem again. It was like a fever.

And I could not keep away from it. Usually when I have finished what I consider my day's work, I can set it aside and do something else. But a restlessness dragged me back to my laboratory. I even got to breaking my invariable rule never to work evenings.

This went on for a week, and I was no further along. Then Soupy Whiskers took matters into his own hands and insisted for my own good that I should take a walk. He did this by barking persistently at my laboratory window. After he had done this for five minutes I naturally went out to slay him. Instantly I appeared, however, he did a number of things in such rapid succession as to render it impossible for me to murder him. He sat up and held both paws high over his head in order that I might see they were clean; he produced a tennis ball which by a flirt of the head invented by himself he caused to bounce up and down at my feet; he raced madly thrice in a wide circle; he rolled over as many times; and finally he lay flat on his back, all four legs outspread, as though to offer me a fair kick if my mind still harbored murder. Finally, as I did not take advantage of the opportunity, he ran to the beginning of the garden trail and barked sharply a number of times.

I saw he was right about it, so I got my hat.

* * * * *

Usually I walk up the cañon trail slowly, with an eye for its manifold small glimpses and perfumes. Today I almost ran. Probably I should have run if my wind had been good enough. I knew if I paused for an instant my thoughts would overtake me and fill my head again with all those buzzing details that would not be ordered into a pattern. This suited Soupy Whiskers, who detests dawdling. I arrived at the Pass Road with absolutely no other impressions than of being hot and somewhat out of breath.

The first thing that penetrated at all aroused my indignation. On one of the rounded boulders near the edge of the road, the paintpot pest had been busy. In neat black lettering against a white background were the words:

WATCH AND PRAY

A little further along another fine old rock had been disfigured to advise:

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD

Such things ought to be prohibited by law. I had no patience with the type of fanaticism that can imagine such fragmentary admonitions could reach even the most primitive religious emotion, or do any good if they did; nor with the degree of stupidity that cannot feel the desecration of natural beauty. I strode on breathing fire, and indulging in a vengeful hope that some day I might encounter the perpetrator of these outrages. Somebody must paint the things; but I had never heard of anybody who had ever caught him in the act.

My wish was almost immediately answered. I rounded the bend of the road to come in sight of my beautiful red cliff. Across its face ran letters two feet high to the effect:

GOD IS LOVE

A man dressed in a long white smock, paint pot in hand, was just rounding off the final period. My anger boiled over, and I covered the distance between us in ten strides.

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"Hey, you!" I cried wrathfully. "What are you doing there? What do you mean by this outrage?"

HE TURNED to face me, his paint pot in one hand, his brush in the other. At sight of him somehow the flame of my anger died. His was a tranquil face, with a clear blue gaze, and something childlike and trusting in it that ridiculously reminded me of Soupy Whiskers exposing his unprotected underside to anyone mean enough to kick him in the stomach. Only, of course, there is no one mean enough.

"Look here, man," I continued more reasonably, "don't you see you're just ruining the landscape?"

"Oh, here you are," said he. "I've been expecting you."

"Expecting me!" I echoed blankly. "What are you talking about?"

"I knew you'd be along."

"Expecting *me?*"

"Sooner or later. Of course you've been in a pretty thick fog. It was the dog that helped."

Soupy Whiskers, who usually mortifies me by his insulting remarks and demeanor to all strangers, had drawn near and was gazing intently at the stranger. At the last words he wagged his tail. The man smiled at Soupy Whiskers companionably, and his face lighted almost as with a radiance. Crazy as a March hare! Of course! I should have known better than to have thought, even for a moment, of these text painters as anything but mad. But such people ought to be shut up out of the way of doing harm, even if the harm is only to the boulders and cliffs of our landscape.

"Let's talk it over," he was saying.

I do not remember quite how it happened, but I found myself following him to my favorite resting spot overlooking the wide spaces, and half reclining on the grass while he sat on a flat rock just above me, and Soupy Whiskers — the renegade! — curled adoringly at his, not my, feet.

"You see," said the motto man, "I made the same mistake once myself, so I know how it is. That's the reason I was expecting you: I thought I might be able to help a little. Of course, having made the mistake, I *must* help when somebody else is in the same fix."

HE SMILED at me, and again I got that effect as of almost a radiance. A queer sense of unreality was invading me. The wide, peaceful, distant landscape had seized me with its usual soothing, blanking effect. Rather more suddenly than usual, and more completely; possibly because my mind had been so overstrained, and now had reacted to this accustomed influence with unwonted promptitude. At any rate I found myself quiescent, taking things for granted, accepting a bizarre situation without question as entirely the natural thing. I cannot explain this, except that I was overtired and had in reaction snapped back beyond my own mental control.

"You've been going at things wrongly," he continued. "You have been puzzling too much."

"How do you know that?" I murmured, stretching back in a really delicious relaxation. "I never saw you before in my life."

"No," he agreed, "but I know."

Strangely enough the point seemed unimportant. I let it go by.

"I know," he went on, "because, as I said, I made the same mistake my-

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self. It leads nowhere: it accomplishes nothing."

With an effort I aroused myself. This was ridiculous.

"WHAT mistake are you talking about?" I demanded more briskly. For an instant I was back in my normal state of mind. Here above me was a crazy fanatic engaged in a reprehensible if not illegal practice of daubing paint all over a defenseless landscape. Here was I, a scientist of some attainment, doing nothing about it. Then the lassitude stole over me again. I could not rouse myself. The sun was warm and grateful, the air soft; bees murmured in the sage flowers, gathering nectar. I half closed my eyes, drowsily.

"That I cannot tell you, save in parable. You could not understand, nor are there words to clothe it. Some day —

"But I will make you a magic, I will tell to you a tale. For the telling of a tale is the gathering of what never was into a thing that will endure. And if that be not a magic, what is?"

The motto man sat between me and the westering sun. I was amusing myself looking at him through the lashes of my half closed eyes. The light was broken into rainbow colors which palpitated, expanding and contracting as I tensed or relaxed my eye muscles. I could by this means surround the silhouette of the motto man with a wonderful colored nimbus, or aureole. It seemed, too, to expand him, so that he loomed large and still and a little portentous, in his long white smock, like some figure I had seen in Gustave Doré — my mind slipped off in quest of that figure — it must have been in *Paradise Lost* — some great dominating angel atop the heavens. These things cradled my mind idly, so that it was only after an appreciable time that the words the motto man had used registered deeply enough to startle me with their unusual form and content.

But before I could comment, he had resumed his speaking. I lay back drowsily. Somehow incongruity or the unexpected did not seem to matter. For the moment I was simply accepting. The motto man's voice was soothing, too; and engaging of attention for itself, like the rainbow aureole. It was low and sweet, and yet it rumbled underneath after the manner of a big organ. My mind's surface flickered lazily and unquestioningly back and forth between the visible and the audible; between the light-encompassed figure on the rock and exquisite appreciation of the mere quality of the sounds it was making. The words themselves did not touch this forefront of my mind. At the moment their meaning hardly seemed to register, yet that meaning was clear to me and sank quietly to what I might call a depth of perception. I am careful to explain all this because otherwise the situation is inconceivable.

"IT HAPPENED," the motto man resumed, after a pause that almost uncannily matched my adjustment into the conditions just described, "It happened in the days of the first legend of all, when God made the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and all that in them is. On His seventh day, His day of rest, He called unto Him the greatest of His Archangels, who had stood at His right hand while He fashioned the wonders of His creation. And He said to that Archangel:

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"'Lo! here are My creatures who live; but who know not the destinies to which they are called. Thou hast stood at My right hand, and thou hast knowledge of that which I purpose. Go thou, and thy brethren with thee; go unto each and every creature, great and small, and to him impart that knowledge which thou hast of Me as to the means by which he shall fulfill his destiny.'"

THE voice seemed to me more and more like an organ. The motto man's figure became more and more indistinct and light haloed. My muscles lost their tension deliciously, and I stretched them in a luxury of relaxation. It did not seem to me to matter what the man was saying. Sounded like Bible stuff. That's the kind of thing he would talk, of course. But it had a roll and swing to it as told in that ever-swelling organ voice — I must be drifting into a doze: I did not care. I hardly gathered the sense of the words, and yet they must have reached me, for as you see I can to this day repeat them literally.

"And," the motto man went on, "the Archangels descended to the earth, undertaking this instruction. And it was as God had said. There each creature existed according to its kind, but numb and dumb and unaware.

"So this Archangel of whom I speak called to him one of the creatures of God's fashioning, and he said to him:

"'Lo, here am I, by command, to teach thee that which thou must know in order to function thyself according to the purposes of God.'

"And they sat them down together."

At this point I suddenly noticed that the aureole I had constructed by means of the westering sun and my eyelashes also included Soupy Whiskers, who lay at the motto man's feet. This diverted my somnolent mind hugely, which indulged in what only afterwards I realized was a fantastic speculation on whether archangels had dogs, and how Soupy Whiskers had managed to acquire so much grace unbeknown to me. As though he had followed perfectly this excursion of my fancy, the Teller of Tales waited until I had finished my speculation.

"At first the Archangel taught concerning cunning things, showing how levers act, conveying power, through the angles of their mechanism. Thus ended the first week.

"And then the Archangel took up the lengthening and shortening of muscular fibres, and the application of will to move them. There ended the second week.

"After which he explained very carefully the opposition of forces, how one working against another at a given angle produced a third extending between the two. And thus ended the third week.

"NEXT he brought forward the principles of gravitation, showing in beautiful mathematical formulas how particles attract each other, and in what proportion to their masses. Which ended still another week.

"Nor was the instruction yet quite ended, for the laws of equilibrium were to be fully explained. And there ended the last week.

"And the creature with whom the Archangel thus labored studied these things and knew them; because it was the will of God, and most certainly for no other reason."

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He ended the last sentence with a low chuckle at the sound of which Soupy Whiskers rapped his tail. Soupy Whiskers was now in the shadow, but the sun had moved completely behind the motto man. As viewed through my half-closed lids he loomed gigantic, a figure bathed in a glory of light, his painter's smock falling in the long classic lines of a robe. I knew that if I opened my eyes fully all this illusion would vanish. But I did not wish to open my eyes.

"THEN," continued the motto man, "the Archangel, having finished his task, said to the creature:

"'The time has come; thou hast full knowledge of thy structure and thy capabilities. Proceed to function!'

"But the creature looked upon the Archangel in puzzlement, knowing not what next to do.

"Now at this moment God, resting from His labors, looked out upon the creation He had made, and He found it still numb, and dumb and unaware. So He descended in the Spirit of Wisdom; and He asked:

"'Lo! these many weeks have passed by, and still this one of My creatures stirs not toward his appointed destiny.'

"And the Archangel answered:

"'Lo! I have given of all necessary knowledge, and still here sits this creature Thou hast made, fixed to earth! I have urged him, but still he will not fly!'

"With that word a strange and wonderful thing happened. Up from the earth and into the air sprang the bird. Up into the air he circled, beating his wings. He swung down his long free arc; he turned short up against the breeze. With rapid wings he hovered over one place. At the last, straight as an arrow up into the blue he shot until, a mere speck in the sky, he was almost lost to view. Long time he was gone, but at length, in wild free flight, straight back to earth he came, and with a rush of air through outspread pinions he dropped once more beside the Archangel. And the Archangel reproached him, saying:

"'Why, when you had learned so well, did you not obey?'

"And the bird said to him:

"'I obeyed when you told me the purpose of God's intention.'

"And the Archangel said:

"'The things you have learned of me you have learned well.'

"BUT the Spirit of Wisdom descended into that bird, and he spake to the Archangel with the voice of God:

"'The thing I learned of you, you knew not that you taught. And the Word I learned from you, you did not utter until the last. All the knowledge which has so delayed the beginning of God's purpose was to me a forgotten thing when I mounted toward the heavens. You need have told me but simple things. It would have been enough to have made me know that I had wings, that the sky is above, and to have pointed to the sun.'

"So the Archangel's heart was humbled within him, and he said:

"'Our labor has been in vain!'

"'Not so,' said the Spirit of Wisdom within the bird. 'It will all be very interesting to think about — when I am on the ground.'"

The sun had lowered to touch the western hills. It rimmed them into a gold line; and the motto man, silhouetted like them against the light, was also rimmed in gold. Below them

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twilight was already trailing the purple gauze of its garments in the deepest cañons.

"WE ARE all birds, and we have within call the Archangels of Knowledge," added the motto man gently, after a moment. "From them we can never learn to fly. Through them alone we should never become aware, but should sit numb and dumb, as in the days of the old legend. From the Spirit of Wisdom we must learn only a few and simple things: the Purpose, the wings, and the air that shall sustain our flight. The creature must have knowledge of its equipment; it must have knowledge of its field and direction of endeavor. That is all. Then it must be told the Intention: Fly! Sing! Live!"

I was so interested watching, as the thin wire line of gold darkened and crept upward as the sun sank, that I could find in myself no comment; only somehow a great peace and contentment.

"You have been puzzling too much," said the motto man. "Rest in your attainment. I have come to tell you this, because I too made the same mistake; and so I must help you."

"How is that?" I manage to murmur.

"I am the Archangel of the tale," said he.

Somehow this seemed right to my somnolent reasoning powers. The gold line had risen until it outlined only his head, and the last rays of the sun radiated from behind it, far flung across the heavens. The lower part of him was in the august shadow of rising night. So might some great master have placed him in paint or marble, steadfast and still against glory. Then, away back in my brain, some ridiculous little habit of reason stirred.

"But it didn't come about that way — creation," I heard myself objecting; though strangely enough I do not remember at all the sound of my voice.

"It came about thus, but I must speak in parables," was his slow calm reply. "My words shall not be lost to you. Ponder them."

What he said did not seem to matter just then. I allowed his words to reach my consciousness: that was all. What seemed to matter was, what would become of his splendor — splendor was the word to me then — when the sun should have lifted his golden halo; and this I watched with the strained expectation as of an irremediable catastrophe. Of course my condition was by now wholly abnormal; but that is the way it took me. As the moment approached when the shadow must seize him, I experienced almost an anguish. But slowly he arose to his feet and the golden radiance once more bathed his shoulders. And somehow the act of rising seemed to have magnified him, so that he filled the world, and my ears seemed to catch the rustlings of mighty wings; though that of course was probably only the night wind rising in the sage.

"BE CALM; be tranquil; consider the Intention. Life is a wave. The thing that is made of vibrations moves within the limits of its being, and also carries forward the wave.

"Waves lift and fall as well as move forward; and the particles of which they are made also are elevated and depressed, as well as carrying through themselves the forward movement. The rise and fall is rhythmic and harmonious. Without it no forward

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movement is possible. This is a universal law, applying to the mighty and on-sweeping tide of cosmic evolution and alike to the little ripples in the tiny pools that make up individual affairs. The drop of water that exults upward on the shoulder of the rising wave, too often, instead of falling in glory of grandeur into the trough, plunges from its height, darkened with despair; because it has not the vision to see nor the perception to feel the mighty, slow-gathering force that will lift it again to another moment of high-tossing, sun-glinted height.

"KNOW that: understand that," went on the mighty voice—for it seemed to have become a mighty voice filling all the sunset-pointed hollow of heaven and the twilight-filmed hollow of earth. "Accept the recession into the quiet hollows, into the slow-sucking trough, as part of the great rhythm, without which there would be stagnation. Learn to take it as the repose period, the gathering period, the period in which the mighty forces that lift the wave upward are quietly, powerfully coming in. If you could only once feel this, visualize it, never again could you be uneasy, depressed, low-spirited, discouraged, merely because of the natural, inevitable, necessary ebb after the flow. Never again would you worry because in this or that your powers of today are not your powers of yesterday, that your wings are folded, that a darkness seems to have closed you about. Accept the quietude, accept the ebb: enjoy it, as all harmonious things should be enjoyed. Rest in confidence with your folded wings; knowing that it is the Law; that soon beneath your breast the stir of gathering forces must be felt, sure that in the progress that the law ordains you *must* once more be swept upward to the glittering crest, whence all horizons are far, and the whistling winds of eternity tempt again your outspread wings.

"This is a universal law. By it you can measure your smallest moods. By it you can measure your greatest griefs and despairs. Carry its acknowledgment always with you, for its fitting is to all occasion."

The golden brilliance had once more lifted until now only the head was enhaloed. In another moment it would be darkened, for the sun dips with incredible swiftness once it has touched the horizon's rim. It seemed to me, poignantly, that I could not bear it — I closed my eyes —

It appeared to me that I almost instantly opened them again, but a considerable time must have elapsed. The world was dark, and the eastern sky held that great portentous phantom known as the shadow of the earth. A cold wind was blowing up the cañons, and Soupy Whiskers was whining. The flat rock was empty.

* * * * *

NOW that was my experience, plus two other little things. When I came to go home I found that there were no mottoes painted on either the cliffs or the rocks; and when next I picked up my data in the laboratory the solution of my problem stood out before me as plain as a pikestaff. I seemed to myself stupid that I had not seen it before.

As I said at the beginning, I do not want to analyze this experience too closely: I prefer to keep it. For one thing, it has been very valuable to me

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in my work. I have learned not to try to work at details so much, but to let them come along of their own accord; as they do, provided I keep my ultimate major intention in mind. And other things which I shall not elaborate here, but which I have taken to heart. But I cannot help wondering about certain things.

For instance, if it was all a vision, a dream; that dream must have begun long before I encountered the motto man — or Archangel. I saw those mottoes painted on the rocks. And if there was an Archangel, why did he select this silly manner of approach? I imagine it was his only way of breaking through the crust of my purely mental preoccupation. He led me back into my appreciation of beauty by outraging it. Now I'm talking as if there *was* an Archangel, which is foolish from the scientific standpoint. The whole thing may be referred to the subconscious. Except sometimes just at sunset. Then Soupy Whiskers and I occasionally sit together and have our doubts.

October

By Margaret Sherwood

All about the house
Flows a river of gold;
Maple leaf and poplar,
Birch leaves grown old,
Spraying the windows,
Rippling past the door
In the blue October weather, —
Flowing toward what shore?
The wind comes to whisper
Its secret untold;
All about the house
Flow the years, turning gold.

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Affairs of the World

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

"Let Observation with extensive View
Survey Mankind, from China to Peru."

Campaigning in the Air

This year for the first time our Presidential candidates are literally "up in the air". Dependence is had largely if not chiefly upon the radio for the publishing of arguments and appeals. To those whose memories are a generation long, this seems revolutionary. Beginning with the phenomenon of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" of eighty-eight years ago, and following with the "Wide Awakes", stump speaking, otherwise known as "spell-binding", formed the horse, foot and dragoons of the partisan army. There was a Speakers' Bureau, which drafted into service all who could speak and many who could not. There was a training school for orators, which in a twinkling transformed the tongue-tied novice into an eloquent "spell-binder". There was even a *Spellbinder* magazine which for years enjoyed a circulation which many another might well envy. And from Broadway to Main Street, from Madison Square Garden to the little red schoolhouse at Squedunk, the land was alive with mass meetings and resonant with oratory. Now, speeches are few, speakers are fewer, mass meetings are fewest; though listeners may be more numerous than ever before. A select company of men at broadcasting stations read speeches into microphones, trusting to unseen and distant myriads to "listen in".

The result should obviously be a more than usually thoughtful campaign. Voters who hear the radioed speeches in the seclusion of their own homes will be influenced much as were those who stayed away from mass meetings and read the speeches in the morning papers. They will not be moved by the "magnetic personality" of the orator or by the contagious enthusiasm of the multitude. The appeal will be to reason rather than to emotion. And that should be great gain. Of course, there is the danger that men will not "listen in" as much as the political leaders hope. Many men went to mass meetings out of curiosity to see the candidates or the eminent speakers, or because their friends were going, or for love of being in a crowd, who will not now in cold-blooded solitariness turn on the radio and listen attentively to speeches by men whom they cannot see. There will be opportunity for ten times more people to hear the speeches of the campaign than ever before. But will

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they do it? There will be opportunity for the most thoughtful and deliberate choice ever made by the national electorate. But will such a one be made?

Signing the Treaty

It was eminently fitting that Mr. Kellogg's peace treaty should be signed at Paris, seeing how largely the making of it was due to the initiative of M. Briand. Perhaps we might mention another reason, to wit, the identity of the place. Hitherto great irenic conventions have chiefly been made at neutral capitals — The Hague, or Geneva. But here is the greatest instrument of the kind in human history, signed at the capital of that Great Power which has above all others in modern times been looked upon as militant if not at least potentially militaristic. Will a treaty signed at Paris command more serious regard than those of 1899 and 1907 at The Hague? It could certainly not be more flagrantly violated.

The maladroit intimations that at the signing of the treaty France would raise the question of debt remission and Germany that of an abatement of reparations were of course unfounded. It was inconceivable that either of those nations would so grossly pervert the whole intent and significance of the occasion. Such action by them would have been tantamount to declaring that they were ready to go to war rather than fulfil their present obligations. It was left to Soviet Russia, with more malice than ingenuity, to attempt to inject discord into the proceedings. We might pardon the demand to be permitted to sign a treaty in which it had not been invited to participate, as merely a clumsy effort to extort from America the recognition which this country has consistently and logically withheld. But the further demand that what was to be a mere signing of an instrument which had been completed and fully agreed upon in advance should be transformed into a free-for-all debate, in which the treaty should be rewritten with changes dictated by Bolshevist Commissars — that really went beyond the limits of endurance. In no way could Russian unfitness for participation have been more convincingly demonstrated.

Gestion or Gesture?

The treaty is signed. Doubtless it will be ratified. But what then? Will it prove to be a mere gesture, a "pious aspiration", or a concrete achievement? In the words of *The Mikado*, it all depends; and it should be clear to the simplest understanding that it depends upon something much more than either the letter or the spirit of the instrument itself. If anybody expects the Powers practically to "condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another" simply because their diplomatic representatives have signed and their Senates have ratified a convention to that effect, I should advise him to plant a large field of cucumbers for the propagation of sunbeams. It would be as rational to expect every person in America instantly to become a teetotaller because three-fourths of the State Legislatures ratified the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. We all know that Constitutional provisions do not enforce themselves, but require legisla-

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tion by the Congress; and in this particular case we very keenly know that such legislation must be supported by a favorable and aggressive public sentiment, else it will be a very minor tinkling cymbal. Precisely so is it and so will it be with irenic treaties. They must be made effective by concrete national action, just as a treaty providing for the payment of an indemnity must be supplemented with an appropriation act. Beyond that, national opinion and the national will must be educated to their support. That, in the last analysis, is the *sine qua non* in this democratic age. If a nation desires peace, not merely passively but actively, it will have it in spite of all the belligerent intrigues of politicians. If it wants war, it will have it in spite of all the treaties in the world.

Brutum Fulmen

There have been some fulminations against the treaty and its author, quite reminiscent of the "wild and whirling words" which we used to hear in the Senate whenever the simplest act of arbitration was proposed. Perhaps Mr. Kellogg will find consolation in the record of one of the greatest of American diplomats, who a century and a third ago negotiated one of the most important and on the whole most beneficent conventions in our history. But because that treaty contained a provision — for the first time in the world — that a certain dispute over a boundary line should be submitted to arbitration, the populace attempted to lynch its author and he was compelled to flee into hiding for his life, while the dead walls and hoardings of New York blossomed as the rose with such inscriptions as "Damn John Jay! Damn anybody who won't damn John Jay! Damn anybody who won't sit up all night to damn John Jay!" But the name of Jay is today held in honor only a little below that of Washington himself; and we have not yet heard that Mr. Kellogg has been hanged or burned in effigy.

Perhaps, by the way, some of the hot gospellers of the opposition might do well to read the text of the treaty, and then to consult their dictionaries as to the respective meanings of "renouncing" and "outlawing".

League and Non-League

The decision of the Council of the League of Nations to abandon the attempt to settle the Ruman-Hungarian dispute is rightly characterized by even so earnest an advocate of the League as *The Spectator* of London as "deplorable" and as calculated to bring "contempt upon the League". Without being censorious or Pharisaical, we may be permitted to contrast this with the course of America, the chief non-League nation, in patiently persisting in benevolent efforts to compose the controversy between Peru and Chili — to such effect that both those Powers have recently expressed their grateful appreciation and their recognition of the substantial improvement in their relations that has been effected. Such consideration is the more pertinent because both cases turn upon arbitration. The duty which the League Council has repudiated was that of appointing an arbitrator in place of the one withdrawn by Rumania; and the function of the United States was to supply an arbitrator between Peru and Chili, and to prevail upon them to abide by

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the award. It would not be unjust to attribute the difference between the two courses to the fact that the United States is entirely devoid of political preference or partiality between the South American republics, while it would be extravagant to assume such disinterestedness on the part of all League Powers toward European States.

The Mexican Tragedy

The one palliating if not redeeming feature of the murder of General Obregon was the steadfast serenity with which Mexico regarded it. There was no panic, no crisis, no wild craze for reprisals; but an orderly administration of deliberate and discriminating justice, which spoke volumes for the self-control of which that sometimes excitable country is capable in a supreme emergency. Our own record of Presidential assassinations is too long to permit any censorious or reproachful sentiments toward our neighbor, or any save those of sincere sympathy in a bereavement caused by a crime as abhorrent and as irresponsibly causeless as one of those from which we ourselves have suffered.

Chinese Recognition

American *de facto* recognition of the Chinese Government was in accord with the principles enunciated by Jefferson more than a century and a third ago, with the consistent practice of this country ever since, and with the obvious facts and circumstances of the case. That it is having a beneficent effect upon China's feeling toward this country and also upon the attitude of other Powers toward China, is apparent. It was coupled with a recognition of China's right to fix her own tariff schedules, the importance of which is being by some both over- and under-estimated. It does not, of course, mean that in practice we are ready to accept any tariff rates that China may levy against our commerce, because we still maintain that "most favored nation" principle which "Count" — as President Tyler called him in his credentials — Caleb Cushing embodied in his famous treaty with China of eighty-four years ago, the precursor of the "open door and equality of opportunity" which John Hay established in our own time. So long as China, therefore, submits to tariff dictation from other Powers, we shall of course enjoy the rates thus established. But on the other hand it does not follow that such recognition of China's right is empty and valueless, because it is impossible to doubt that it will have an important effect in bringing other Powers to take the same just stand, until by common consent China shall be permitted to manage her own affairs as independently as any other nation.

The Passing of Confucius

The one detail in the Chinese situation which provokes in serious minds most apprehensive speculation is the extraordinary course of the Government in excluding the teachings of Confucius from the schools. That would in any case be a strange performance. It looms most ominous and menacing, at least potentially, when we consider the part that Confucius has played in the national life of China for two thousand years. His teachings have been the one effective basis of Chinese unity, the one potent bond that for all these centuries has

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held the vast agglomeration of tribes and peoples together under a common head. They have meant in that respect to China more than Christianity has meant to any European empire. The abandonment and even prohibition of such a unifying force must have portentous results. It is inconceivable that any effective substitute for it has been found and accepted by the people. Yet without such a bond, we should consider Chinese unity to be most seriously endangered.

Giolitti

Signor Giolitti was the last of the important old-time political leaders of Italy, dating back to the era of Crispi and even of Garibaldi. In years and length and eminence of service — he was five times Prime Minister — he was entitled to be called, as he often was, the Grand Old Man of Roman politics. History will probably decide, however, that his title to supreme greatness was impaired by his incorrigible Opportunism and his lack of resolution if not at times of sincerity. At the outbreak of the World War he strove to "carry water on both shoulders" and to keep Italy neutral; in which he was happily defeated by an overwhelming demonstration of the popular will. At the end of the war he weakly permitted the Communist insurgents to seize the factories and to aim at establishing a proletariat dictatorship. Similarly he temporized with the rise of Fascism, only to oppose it mildly at a later date. His gentleness and tolerance were admirable, but they were not the only qualities needed in a ruler of Italy. It is as true there as elsewhere that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs. And Giolitti was more expert in sucking than in smashing them.

Germany and Austria

The mutual desire of Germany and Austria for political union is too well known to permit surprise at almost any manifestation of it; even at the transformation of the Schubert centenary into an annexationist demonstration. But we cannot repress regret as well as surprise at the amazing subordination of Austrian to German interest. The demonstration, we are told, was almost as purely German as though it had been held in Berlin instead of Vienna. The throngs of people were vocal with *Die Wacht am Rhein* and *Deutschland ueber Alles*, but with never a single note of Haydn's immortal Austrian hymn, though it must be accounted the finest of them all. It was, in fact, a demonstration in favor not of the union of two equal States, but rather of the annexation of an inferior to a superior. It presented a striking contrast to the days of old, when the Viennese used to sing "There is but one Kaiser city!" and when all Austria looked down with condescension and patronage upon Prussia and indeed most of Germany, save perhaps Bavaria. Politically it is no longer the *felix Austria* of Charles V. It would be regrettable to see the Habsburg remnant lose its individuality as a mere member of the German Reich; but undoubtedly a union of the two German-speaking nations would be for the good of both.

Worse than Tragedy

Tragic as was the physical outcome of the Nobile Polar flight, we must if possible even more lament what we may term its moral and psychological

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débâcle. The insinuations, the sordid accusations, the infamous recriminations, that have abounded concerning the conduct of members of the expedition, must make us hang our heads for very shame at humanity. Hitherto one of the great values of Polar adventure has been its development of the noblest qualities of manhood and of heroism. We recall one instance in which the starving castaways gave larger rations to the weaker members of the company, because the stronger men were better able to endure the pangs of hunger and had more reserve to draw upon; another, in which one hopelessly crippled man voluntarily walked out into a storm and died, so that his comrades might not be encumbered with him and might thus have a better chance of saving themselves; and another, in which the leader of a stricken party, rescued when at almost the last gasp, feebly murmured: "Here we are, all that are left of us; did what we came for, and dying like men." That is the spirit which the world has been accustomed to see in Arctic voyagers, and to attribute to them. We should be bereaved indeed if we were compelled to think differently of any in our own day.

"Nolo Archiepiscopari"

The unprecedented has happened in the very land of precedent. For the first time in a history of many centuries, since St. Augustine, an Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England has resigned his office. Randall Cantuar, as Dr. Davison was officially known, was the ninety-first or ninety-fourth or ninety-sixth of the line, for authorities strangely differ; he had served as Primate for twenty years, or longer than any other for nearly four centuries, and longer than any other in all time save nine; and he was eighty years old. One might say, he had earned retirement. But it was not for any such cause that he resigned. Rather it was because he was heart-sick at the defeat of his life's ambition, to revise the Prayer Book and thus to unify the Established Church. The final rejection of the revision by Parliament decided him that his work, though incomplete, was ended. A believer in omens might well perceive in this breaking of a hitherto unbroken rule of many centuries a most formidable portent for the Church.

Three Easters

Hard upon the rejection of the revised Prayer Book came Parliament's adoption of a semi-fixed date for Easter, to supplant the "movable feast" based on the date of the Passover. The result will be three separate Easters, all celebrated in England itself and to some extent in other parts of the world. There will be the official Easter of the British Government, observed by the Established Church and by the courts and other offices. There will be the old Easter, as now determined, observed by the Roman Catholic Church and by all churches and peoples not subject to British rule. There will be the Easter of the Greek Church, reckoned according to the old style calendar. And these generally will be days or even weeks apart. Thus next year we in this country shall be celebrating Easter on March 31, while England officially will not do so until April 14. Not the least significant feature of the case is that this arbitrary change of the most

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solemn and holy of all the observances of the Christian Church has been made by a secular authority, confessedly for the sake of pecuniary profits in trade. The effect upon the already much divided and distracted Established Church is scarcely likely to be favorable.

"Flooding" the Sahara

Although it is an exaggeration to describe it as "flooding" the Sahara, the proposal of an American engineer which is being seriously considered by the French Government has a strong appeal to the imagination and is provocative of much speculation as to its possible results. The plan is to construct several canals from the Gulf of Gabes some two hundred and fifty miles inland to the dry beds of what were formerly salt lakes, lying below sea level, and let in the waters of the Mediterranean to fill them. It is estimated that there can thus be formed an inland sea about ten thousand square miles in extent — something less than half the size of Lake Michigan, or a little larger than Lake Erie. As the Sahara comprises more than three and a half million square miles, the thought that this body of water may materially modify the climate of the whole region is obviously idle, though it may increase the local rainfall; and as it will be salt water, we can scarcely expect it to promote vegetation and fertility. It will, however, provide a means of travel and transportation which may have an important effect upon the further development and even the partial reclamation of what has long been considered one of the most hopelessly sterile and hostile regions of the earth's surface.

Reason in India

One of the most encouraging items of news that have recently come from India is to the effect that the Legislative Council of Bengal has by a decisive majority defeated the Swarajists and resolved to coöperate with the British Commission which is considering the organization of a constitutional Government for the Indian Empire, and has appointed a Provincial Committee for that purpose. It is significant that this policy was strongly advocated by the Mohammedan members, and also by the leader of the Labor Party, the representatives of the most progressive elements of the Indian peoples.

Manhood in Scholarship

The entrance at Oxford of another company of Rhodes Scholars from the United States this year has provoked another of the periodical outbreaks of chiefly ill-advised criticism to which we have been accustomed during most of the more than score of years since that great foundation was established. With the crazy flubdub of the "Big Bill" Thompson type, about the devilish conspiracy thus to pervert into disloyal Anglomaniacs the flower of American youth, we need not concern ourselves. There is ancient authority for not answering fools in any fashion. But of serious import is the complaint that the Rhodes Scholars do not seem to be distinguishing themselves above all others in literature, science and the arts. The best and indeed a convincing answer is that these scholarships are not and were never intended to be bestowed chiefly for purely intellectual ability or attainments, but more for those moral

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and social qualities which we comprehend under the name of Manhood. Let us recall Rhodes's own words. He said:

> My desire being that the students who shall be elected to the Scholarship shall not be merely bookworms, I direct that in the election of a student to a Scholarship regard shall be had to (i) his literary and scholastic attainments, (ii) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football, and the like, (iii) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship, and (iv) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aims.

In that authoritative view of the case, it may well be maintained that the operations of the Rhodes Trust have been generally satisfactory; to which we may add that something of the spirit of the Scholarships might profitably be imparted, to a larger degree than at present, to our own entire college and university life.

Partitioning China?

Memories of Poland invest the word "partition" with odious significance, yet the Thesaurus provides no preferable synonym, nor any word that seems more fitting to describe the process in which Japan is potentially engaged in Manchuria. The Nationalist Government at Nanking may or may not be the best possible authority for China. That is a matter for China itself to determine, and not for any alien Power to dictate. In the intestine struggle between conflicting sections of the Chinese Empire, if other countries had no right to intervene, save for the protection of their own citizens, much less has any a right now to intervene to prevent reunion of the lately distracted and dismembered realm. To say that a Province shall not adhere to the central Government is to separate it from Chinese authority, to deprive it of local autonomy, and to make it subject to alien rule. That would be true even if Manchuria were in a detached and *quasi* independent status, apart from China Proper, because then it ought to be free to make such an alliance with China, or to place itself in such suzerain relations, as might be mutually acceptable between them. But we must regard it as an integral part of China, no less than Chiang-Su itself; an integration effected nearly three centuries ago in the Manchurian Conquest. From the historical point of view, nothing could be more absurd than to say that the conquering Province should be denied the right of attachment to its subject territory. It is, incidentally, one of the ironies of fate that the conqueror should now be threatened with conquest. We have recalled the Partition of Poland. Perhaps the case of Korea is even more pertinent. Yet — in good faith and without a touch of cynicism — we cannot help wondering how the whole business is to be reconciled with that provision in "the very heart" of the Covenant of the League of Nations under which Japan undertakes "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence" of China. Will it prove to be another of those awkward international complications with which, for its own ease and comfort, the League considers itself not to be concerned?

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The Broken Balance

The troubles in Jugoslavia, which seem to be really serious, recall what was perhaps the most useful function of the old Dual Realm of the Habsburgs. It served as a balance wheel to the complicated machinery of the great congeries of diverse tribes and peoples in Southeastern Europe. No doubt it was a usurping and oppressive Power. But at least it maintained peace among the subject States; and it even caused them, through their common antipathy toward it, to cherish a certain comradeship among themselves. A common hatred is sometimes a strong bond of union. With the disappearance of the object of hatred, however, the union is impaired. The States, no longer having Austria-Hungary to complain of and to inveigh against, now pick flaws in each other, and find fault with each other, and seek for supremacy among themselves. Once Belgrade and Zagreb both looked to Vienna and Budapest as the enemy. Now they eye each other askant. It should be said for King Alexander that he has acted with fine impartiality and discretion, and deserves success in holding together the discordant elements of his triplicate realm. But it is a difficult task. The ingrained, inherited spirit of revolt is not easily nor speedily to be eliminated. We shall expect to see it overcome, and the integrity of the kingdom maintained. But we fear that the road, like many another, will be *per aspera ad astra.*

Polar Obession

We honor heroism. We admire adventure, even for its own sake. We pay full tribute to that indomitable spirit which counts nothing done until all things are achieved. Yet we are not prepared wholly to abjure discrimination, or, in spite of the godlike Daniel, to refrain from "the miserable interrogatory, 'What is all this worth?'" And we cannot help wondering whether it is really worth while to spend the valuable time and risk the invaluable life of Commander Byrd in so barren a quest as that which is now being undertaken. It is scarcely to be conceded that any substantial benefit will be conferred upon mankind by a demonstration of the conditions under which human life can be maintained in a region which is never to be permanently or numerously inhabited and which there is not the slightest need of ever inhabiting at all. Nor is it conceivable that any essential additions to human knowledge can be made through observations of the meteorology and of the amazingly meagre flora and fauna of the most remote, inaccessible and forbidding portion of the earth's surface.

For character, courage, resourcefulness and all the elements of manly greatness, Commander Byrd stands highly apart among the multitudes of his fellows, and his companions in this undertaking are worthy of his leadership. But could not he, and they, and the costly equipment at their disposal, be elsewhere engaged in a service more profitable to humanity than the mere struggle against the adversities of inclement nature upon an Antarctic ice cap? With the example — *absit omen!* — of Nobile and Amundsen poignantly in mind, to whose superb though sadly futile exploit a worthy tribute is elsewhere paid in this Review, we

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wish this expedition safety and all possible good fortune; but we cannot repress another wish that the splendor of its spirit had been directed to some quarter and some task perhaps not less arduous but certainly less gratuitously perilous and more potentially profitable in its results to the world.

Olympic Grudgings

One thing alone has marred, from the American point of view, the latest Olympic Games. There was no lack of attendance or of enthusiasm, or yet of scenic splendor in the vast amphitheatre. The massed standards of the nations enchanted the eye, and the sonorous strains of their anthems ravished the ear and thrilled the heart. The games were cleanly and gallantly contested, with an average of high achievement. There was indeed everything to appeal most favorably to the finest sentiments of pure sportsmanship. But, alas! the notes of *Vart Land* were heard more frequently and more triumphantly than those of *The Star Spangled Banner!* And therefore for the American press and public the whole affair was seemingly of minor interest. We say *seemingly*, for we are not willing to believe that at heart American sportsmanship is of so poor a stuff that it cannot endure defeat. We should of course have exulted to record American success in every contest, and it was to be assumed that the American participants would, as they did, make every honorable effort to win. But after all the playing of the game is greater than the mere winning of it. We cannot therefore repress a feeling of regret that the true spirit of American sportsmanship was not more popularly displayed in acclaiming the well-won honors of our gallant and victorious rivals. Happily, that unintended infelicity cannot detract from the incalculable service which the Games render to that international good feeling and comradeship upon which the best interests of humanity depend.

George Harvey

He whose untimely passing we lament is remembered personally as a most attractive and engaging comrade. By this Review he is remembered as having been its Editor for a considerably longer time than any other in all its history, and as having invested it with a more intense personality and a greater political influence than it ever possessed before. In the journalistic and political world he will be remembered as one of the brightest wits, one of the readiest and keenest controversialists, and one of the most studious, far-seeing and sagacious counsellors, of his time. Nationally and internationally, he deserves to be remembered as the knight-errant champion of the Monroe Doctrine against the League of Nations. And this last characterization suggests the super-dominant feature of his entire career. That was, his passionate love of country. He was American nationality incarnate and inspired. Webster himself could never say more truly or with deeper feeling: "I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American." That provides the interpretation of all the phases of his manifold public activities, in both his friendships and his feuds. It forms the loftiest tribute that can be paid to an American citizen, as such; and it is a tribute that can be paid to none more justly and deservedly than to George Harvey.

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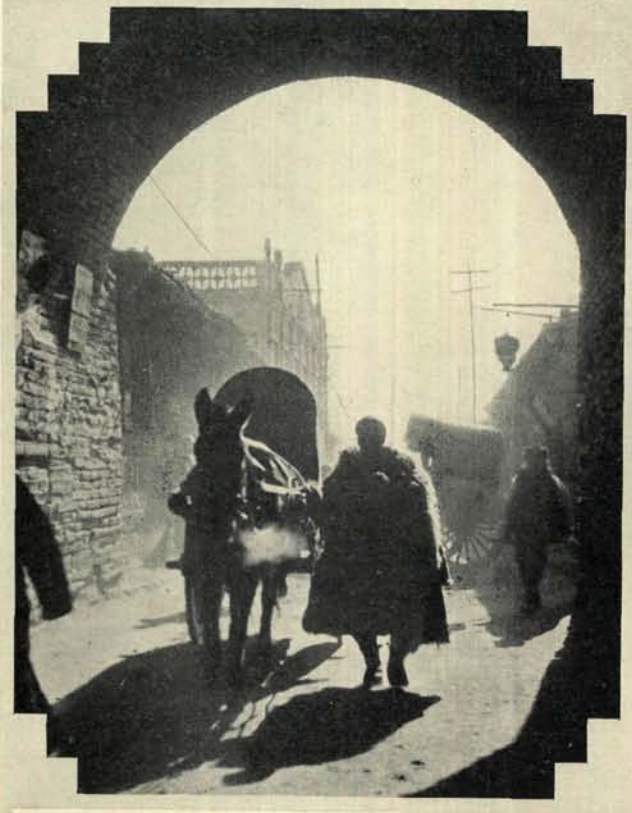
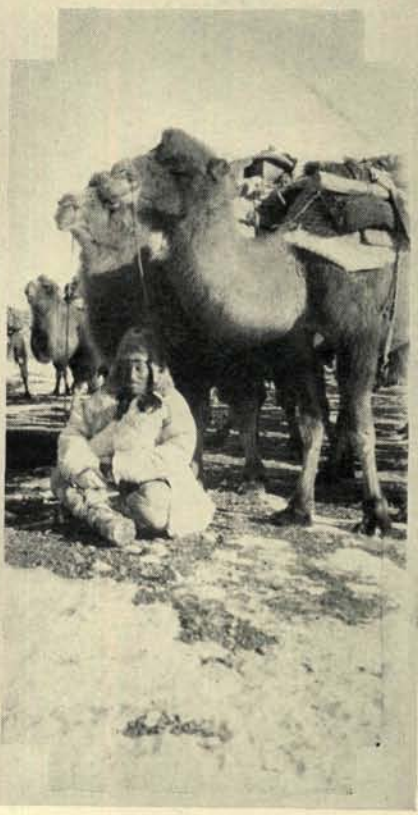


BELOW, A lady of rank of Inner Mongolia in her festal headgear of coral, turquoise and wrought silver

AT THE gate of Kuei-hua, on the frontiers of Mongolia; a city that for centuries has sent out caravans to Central Asia over mysterious desert routes hitherto unknown to Occidental explorers



ABOVE, Mohammedan subjects of China in Central Asia: oasis dwellers of the remote city of Faizabad

(At right) A veteran of the caravan routes of Mongolia

Illustrating Owen Lattimore's "Beyond the Black Gobi", page 621

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THE ELUSIVE LEADER

"Though his shy smile vanishes from his lips almost before it touches them, its very evanescence gives it an engaging quality."

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